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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Foot in the Door

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

The Economics of Illusion: Three Portents

AN EDITORIAL

The Explosion of Africa

JAMES BURNHAM

Articles and Reviews by · · · NICOLAS DE ROCHEFORT
MORTON CRONIN · E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN · RUSSELL KIRK
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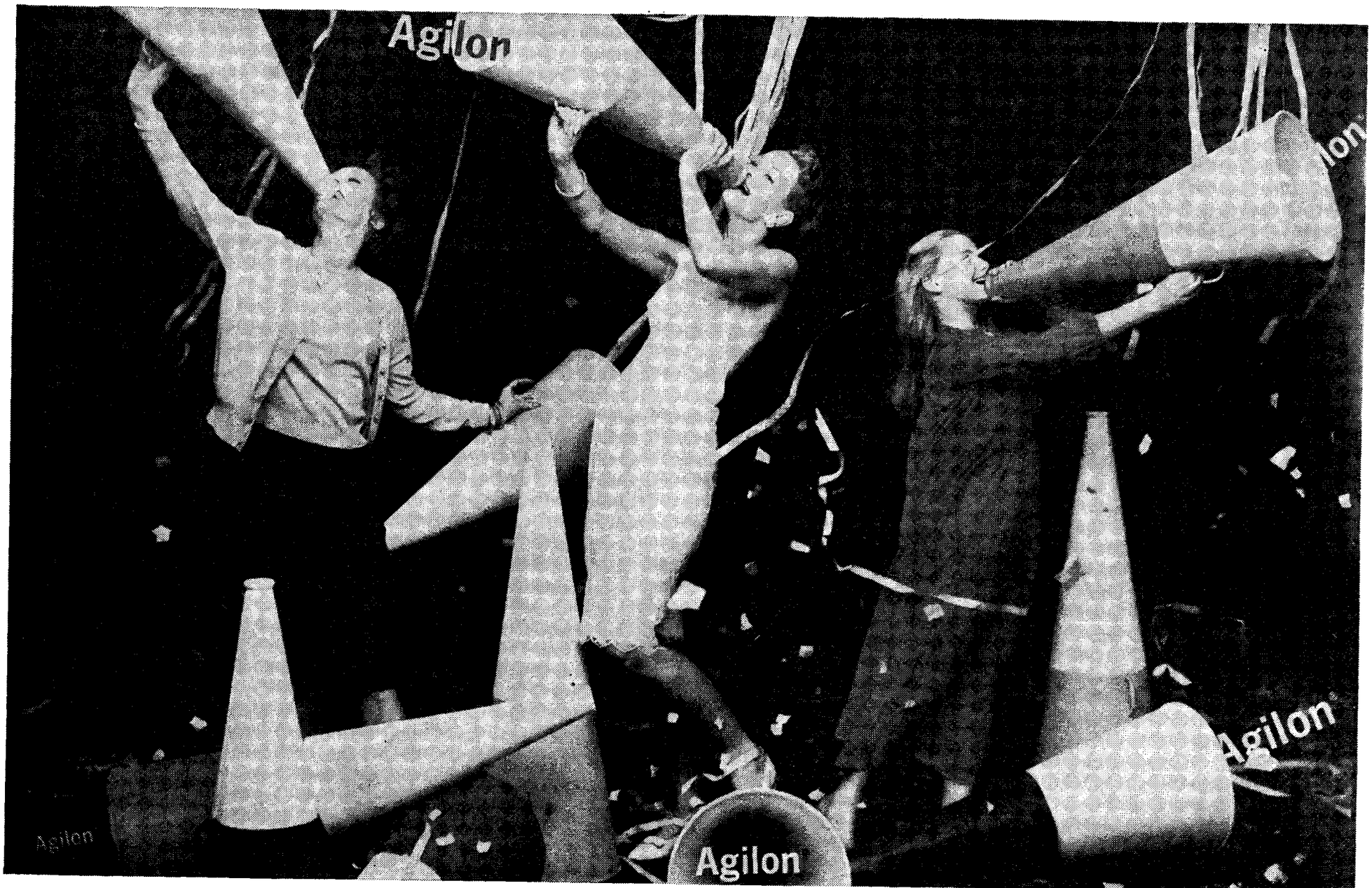

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS
L. Brent Bozell — James Burnham
John Chamberlain — Whittaker Chambers
Willmoore Kendall — Frank S. Meyer
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES
Frank Chodorov, Jonathan Mitchell, Morrie Ryskind
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: John Leonard

CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Medford Evans, Finis Farr, J. D. Futch, Aloise B. Heath, Karl Hess, Hugh Kenner, John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, Maureen B. O'Reilly, E. Merrill Root, Francis Russell, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

CIRCULATION MANAGER: William M. Hayes

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For the Record

Republican state leaders across the country are getting the word: the President's brother (just tapped to accompany Nixon to Moscow next month) may be in the Rockefeller camp in 1960. . . . Democratic insiders in New Jersey insist that Governor Meyner, who can't succeed himself, has been dealt out of the Senatorial race next year and must bargain for a spot on the national ticket, if he is to stay alive politically. . . . Admiral Strauss isn't the only whipping boy in the continuing battle over Oppenheimer. A pitched battle in a Southern college has just ended with the firing of a professor who was critical of Oppenheimer.

The New York hospital strike has state legislatures everywhere wrestling with laws to preclude similar emergencies. . . . Senate Democrats highly suspicious of continuing White House talk about an $80 billion budget next year. They think it's a campaign maneuver, that the 1961 budget will be pegged below the 1960 figure. . . . The drive to discredit the FBI and its director, J. Edgar Hoover, continues. One of the N.Y. Newspaper Guild Page One awards for journalism in magazines went to Fred Cook, for his blast against the FBI in the Nation. . . . We've seen no answer to Rep. Walter's charge that more than half the paintings and sculptures we are sending to Moscow for the fair are the work of artists with Communist or Communist-front affiliations.

The Castro government is desperate to get its hands on gold to put under the Cuban currency before inflation gets completely out of hand. . . . Middle East observers conclude that the British-French-Israeli bloc prefers a Communist Iraq to a "Nasser" Iraq. . . Israel censoring immigration reports by harsh bans on press. Printing of immigration news not expressly authorized by government can mean a 15-year jail term. . . . Argentina expected to ask withdrawal of a bunch of Soviet and satellite diplomats for their actions during recent rail strike.

Fascinating quote of the week, Department of Debt Repudiation: "The Federal Government . . . is in the situation that the taxpayer is . . . on both sides of the balance sheet. We 175 million taxpayers in the United States owe the debt to be sure, but we also own the debt."—Dr. Walter W. Heller, Chairman, Dept. of Economics, University of Minnesota, before a House Education and Labor subcommittee.

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The WEEK

● The Bolshoi Ballet has gathered up its sets and danced back into the night, but not without a jolly memento of American hospitality nestling for the moment in New York banks. Gross profits to Ulanova and her comrades from their U.S. turn: $1,350,000. Why not shift the dough into a blocked account, gathering due interest, to be held against payment of the millions in royalties due American writers from pirated Soviet editions of their books? We slip the suggestion to Mr. Adlai Stevenson, who recently made a well-publicized trip to Moscow as attorney for a number of our writers thus defrauded.

● Konrad Adenauer's sudden change of mind, and his decision to remain as Chancellor rather than go through with a shift in office to the West German Presidency have precipitated a grave crisis within the Christian Democratic Union, and therefore in West Germany and in the Western alliance as a whole. It seems evident that Adenauer came to realize during the past two months that the German constitution did not permit him to be a de Gaulle, and that as President he could no longer control with certainty either the choice of his successor as Chancellor or the course of West German policy. However admirable his motives in reconsidering, he made a grave political mistake—either by resigning or by rescinding the resignation. And in politics not only the politician himself but the rest of us on his side must pay for mistakes.

● Trying to discern a trend in last week's Sicilian elections is about as rewarding as removing cocklebburrs from the ears of a pup. The Communists and left-wing (Nenni) Socialists each gained a seat—which is relatively insignificant. The Christian Democrats, in spite of the Milazzo split, once more polled slightly more than 38 per cent of the total vote and are again the largest single party on Sicily. As such, the CD is entitled to make the first move to form a new regional government and the prospects of the moment are that it will try for some sort of deal with either Signor Milazzo's splinter party or the right-wing groups. One heartening development: the unnatural separatist alliance of Milazzo, the monarchists, and the parties of the Marxian Left seems to have broken up.

● The U.S. State Department, the House of Representatives, several members of the American delegation to the Olympic Committee, and an *ad hoc* organization of public-spirited citizens have joined the chorus of outrage at Nationalist China's expulsion from the Olympic games. The State Department characterized the action of the International Olympic Committee as "repugnant" and "absurd." The House voted to prohibit the use of Army equipment and personnel in the 1960 winter Olympics in Squaw Valley, California, should athletes from any free nation be barred from participating. Douglas F. Roby, an American member of the International Olympic Committee, disputed IOC President Avery Brundage's statement that the expulsion vote was "virtually unanimous"—twenty-two members, says Mr. Roby, abstained. Marvin Liebman, Secretary of the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the UN, has called for public action—telegrams, letters, protests—either to reverse the decision or to refuse U.S. hospitality to a Committee which serves Communist ends by bowing to Communist blackmail.

● Presidential sweepstakes: Like a slow beast slouching toward Los Angeles to be born, the **Stuart Symington** Presidential boom gathered mass and momentum last week. The mass: money, not just Symington's, but Senator Robert Kerr's and Los Angeles oilman Edwin Pauley's. Pauley, incidentally, heads the host committee for the 1960 Democratic convention and will control many visitor tickets. The momentum: ubiquitous speech-making by the Senator himself, and feverish activity by Harry Truman, W. F. Daniels (Missouri Democratic Chairman) and the National Century Club—an organization dedicated to the Senator's growing cause. . . . **Rockefeller** roustabouts were angry over Representative Simpson's introduction of Vice President **Nixon** at a Party dinner as "the man who will lead us to victory" in November 1960. . . . Behind the scenes, Sherman Adams is said to be moving stealthily for Rockefeller in New Hampshire primary preparations. . . . Presidential favorite in a poll of Ivy League students: two-time loser **Adlai Stevenson,** still the shiniest egghead, and expected to dump his legacy on the glistening brow of **Hubert Humphrey**. . . . A prophecy of a 1960 duel between **Kennedy** and Rockefeller elicited this world-weary remark the other day from a conservative cynic: "Why don't they just run Rock Hudson and Tab Hunter?"

● From all over Latin America protests have descended on the Cuban Provisional Government over the treatment of Ernesto de la Fé, the anti-Batista, anti-Communist journalist who has been sentenced to fifteen years by a military tribunal. The Inter-American Federation for the Defense of the Continent, an organization of Latin Americans dedicated

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to anti-Communist activity, has launched a campaign to free de la Fé from La Cabaña prison, where he has been incommunicado ever since the revolutionary army took over Cuba. Several Havana dailies have indicated tentative editorial support. U.S. citizens can help a good cause by sending their own protests and by attempting to convince professional Castro apologists like Congressman Porter of Oregon that something's rotten in the Caribbean, where de la Fé's only crime has been his devotion to truth in an age of cynical men and monolithic movements.

● Virginia's Prince Edward County, by omitting all school appropriations from its next year's budget, has voted to abolish its public school system. The action is a planned response to a federal court order to integrate. Governor Lindsay Almond Jr. stated that the Prince Edward decision was "in conformity with Virginia's [new home rule] law." "Dissenters," he said, "have only to thank the NAACP and the courts which do its bidding." Also planned and ready in the county is the Prince Edward School Foundation which will next autumn begin operating a private school system for white students. The Negro residents are of course free to set up a parallel system for Negro students, but no steps have yet been taken to that end.

● The most encouraging event of recent months in India has been the emergence of the "Freedom" Party. The new group, though formally led by Gandhi's revered friend, Chakravarti Rajagopalachari, emanated from M. R. Masani's bloc in the Indian parliament. As most news accounts have reported, it is openly opposed to the state socialism espoused by Nehru and the Congress Party (so much so that it almost went all the way and called itself the Conservative Party). But it is also, and this hasn't been reported, strongly anti-Communist. Mr. Masani, a Parsee though married to a Hindu, has been long associated with the Tata organization, India's leading private enterprise combine. He was at one time a semi-Trotskyite and later a co-founder of the Socialist Party in India. He discovered the Communist menace long before the outrages in Hungary and Tibet and is one of the few Indian political leaders who has consistently and actively fought it both at home and abroad. The new party, though small, should have a salutary effect on India's future.

● Is there really any difference between Stripnik Gypsy Rose Lee and Beatnik Allen Ginsberg? The luminous question mark hangs in the murky Greenwich Village sky this week, pinned there by the ever-wary New York Police Department. Gendarmes have ventured into the bohemian coagulum and issued summonses to local espresso grottos—for providing entertainment without a cabaret license. The entertainment: poetry readings, beat, beatific and benign. Police Department philistinism poses a philosophical point not without precedent—we heard about a Warsaw cave where the girls shed veils and belly-danced while intoning selected portions of Spinoza's *Ethics*. The way to a man's mind, it seems, is through his libido.

Stay Off the Summit

The President has declared, again and again, that he will not journey to the Summit unless three preliminary conditions have been fulfilled: 1) some progress toward negotiated agreements made at meetings of foreign ministers or other preliminary conferences; 2) formal recognition by the Soviet Union that the United States, Great Britain and France are of right in West Berlin, with free access thereto; 3) absence of any threat ("I don't see," the President declared at his June 3 press conference, "how the head of any self-respecting Government can go to an international conference in response to any kind of thing that can be interpreted as a threat.").

Not one of these conditions has been met, or distantly approximated, by what has happened at Geneva. With his 1960 ultimatum a few days ago, Khrushchev climaxed the insolence of his ascending series of threats. We are sure that Mr. Eisenhower meant what he said, and means it. But we are equally sure that even in the face of Geneva, pressures will be piled on the President to get him to change his mind: pressure not only from neutralists, Britain and some groups in France and West Germany, but from our own appeasers, as Senators Fulbright and Humphrey have already made plain.

A Summit after Geneva can serve only Khrushchev, by enabling him to exploit an audience drawn by the Western compliance, and the drama of an occasion made dramatic by the West. We therefore greet the initiative of Mr. Robert Welch, publisher of *American Opinion,* in initiating a Committee Against Summit Entanglements, which will attempt a major demonstration against holding a Summit conference this summer. Mr. Welch has gathered together many illustrious conservative sponsors, including Spruille Braden, Barry Goldwater, T. Coleman Andrews, J. Bracken Lee, Clarence Manion and Ludwig von Mises. He would do well to open his door also to those Liberals who are opposed to a Summit conference, as the Committee of One Million welcomed, with effective and continuing results, both Liberals and Conservatives who opposed recognizing Red China. We wish Mr. Welch's committee luck. For information, write to CASE, Belmont 78, Mass.

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The Economics of Illusion: Three Recent Portents

1. More Houses

Governor Nelson Rockefeller has announced a grandiose plan for stimulating the construction of "middle income" housing in the State of New York. It is not clear why the Governor of New York should have proclaimed his program so many months before the New York legislature is due to reconvene, but it is very clear that a candidate for President has emerged as the man with a Solution to a national problem—living space for middle income families (defined in Mr. Rockefeller's report as those in a position to pay $17-$29 per room per month).

The plan is simplicity itself. The way to stimulate middle income housing is, roughly speaking, the way to stimulate any other kind of economic activity. You a) guarantee private capital a profit; and b) relieve private capital of the burden of taxation. Mr. Rockefeller's plan: let the State of New York, through a "Little FHA," issue debentures, guaranteed by the State of New York, to private capital, in behalf of entrepreneurs who will use the money to construct middle income housing. The projected 6 per cent interest on these debentures will not be subject to state or federal taxation. Now open your eyes, ladies and gentlemen, and—whee!—you will see middle income housing units sprouting up all over the Empire State.

It is quite literally that easy. By guaranteeing a loan against loss, and moreover, by guaranteeing an artificially high rate of interest and exempting that interest from taxation, you will unquestionably lure capital in the direction you want. Governor Rockefeller is implementing the policy of Professor J. Kenneth Galbraith's *Affluent Society,* whose premise is that a central political intelligence knows best where to direct the flow of captial, and, fortunately, has available to it all the coercive devices necessary to divert capital anywhere it chooses. Politically, Mr. Rockefeller's plan is appetizing, because a) there are a great many voters in the middle income brackets, and b) the plan calls—initially—for a mere $20 million capitalization for the little FHA.

Yet we are face to face with the economics of illusion, once again. For implicit in the scheme is a disguised levy first on the citizens of New York State, secondarily on all taxpayers. Unspecified in the plan: 1) the amount of extra taxes which will have to be levied in order to compensate for the exemptions granted to the captital invested in the little FHA debentures in lieu of, say, AT&T. 2) the decrease in available capital for other economic enterprises resulting from the great sums (an estimated $2 billion) which will be diverted to the construction business, and the concomitant increase in interest rates to individuals and businesses vying for capital. 3) the inflationary cost which is inherent in any loan guaranteed by government (productive capital should be risk capital. Statutory elimination of the risk factor commits a society to the success of a line of a particular kind of economic activity and thus adds, without economic justification, to the society's overhead).

It comes down very simply to this: Mr. Rockefeller is dissatisfied with the free market allocation of capital. It is easy enough to regret the shortage of middle income housing units. But to eliminate that shortage in this fashion involves the imposition of politically determined choices on the free market place.

Mr. Rockefeller would accomplish his objective more honestly if he were to call on the legislature to tax the people of New York to build his houses, and never mind the hocus-pocus.

He might even contribute to the availability of housing units by recommending laws against featherbedding and other artificial costs. Better still, of course, if the Governor were to reduce state taxes, and join in a drive to reduce federal taxes so that middle income families would have at their disposal the funds, nowadays pre-empted by government, necessary to meet the cost of housing.

2. More Education

We have been informed by the President's Science Advisory Committee, headed by Mr. James Killian of MIT, that we need to spend more money on education—roughly twice as much as we are now spending. To the proposal Mr. Walter Lippmann has given his assent: so therefore let us assume that there is no room for further argument—and confine ourselves to the question: how shall the money be raised?

"There is no escape from the conclusion," writes Mr. Lippmann (June 4), to whom the apodictic formulation comes so naturally, "that if the new and necessary costs are to be met, if they are not to be ignored and neglected, we shall have to raise some considerable part of them out of federal taxes. *This is bound to happen,* and the sooner we face up to the necessity, the more likely are we to be prepared to act with deliberation and with awareness of the hazards, and with wisdom."

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Once again, the myth of the self-generating dollar, the economics of illusion. The mundane point, of course, is that the federal government has no money of its own, but must raise it by taxing, by taxing the very same people who can, in behalf of education, be taxed by the state governments; indeed, the same people who, in the light of their presumptive interest in education, could theoretically be counted upon to allocate voluntarily any extra money that is needed for the education of their children.

Consider the role of New York State in a federal aid to education program. If we accept the figures for the period 1951 to 1956, New York State can expect to put up 18.5 per cent of any future national tax levy. However, the percentage of any federal aid program New York is due to receive (using the same base) is 6.9 per cent. In other words, New York senators and congressmen willing to spend, say, $100 million of "federal" money for education, will find themselves voting to tax New Yorkers about $275 million to make that expenditure possible. By contrast, Mississippi puts up 0.22 per cent of the federal tax dollar—and gets back 2.07 per cent. In other words, the Mississippi congressman can safely assume that for every million dollars of extra taxes he is instrumental in loading down upon his fellow Mississippians for a federal aid project, he can return to Mississippi *$10 million.* (Other figures: California pays in 7.4 per cent, gets back 7.7 per cent—*i.e.*, about even on the deal. Illinois pays in 8.2 per cent, gets back 4.1 per cent. Montana pays in 0.10 per cent, gets back 0.71 per cent. South Dakota pays in 0.11 per cent, gets back 0.66 per cent.)

A fair question: "Do New Yorkers know what they are up to, when they support federal aid to education?"

In a word, Liberal economic theory, exemplified by Mr. Lippmann's recent venture in it, depends heavily on the hallucination of the spontaneously generated dollar: on the suppression of economic reality. There is considerable political sentiment in New York State in favor of federal aid to education. Indeed, the majority of New York's congressmen voted in favor of the preliminary measure passed by Congress in the summer of 1958.

There are, as a matter of fact, residents of New York State who are concerned with the depressed level of education in Mississippi to the point, even, of wanting to contribute New York dollars to the advancement of Mississippi education. But how many such people are there? As many as one-tenth of 1 per cent? Probably not. Yet New York is on record, in the 85th Congress, in favor of massive federal aid to education.

It comes down to the fact that the average New York voter is wholly unaware that the federal government, in order to disburse a billion dollars, needs to take in a billion dollars; that as a resident of one of the wealthiest per capita states in the union, the New Yorker will find himself contributing three times the per capita average to the educational pool—but receiving no more than the average in return; that therefore the net effect of the federal program on the New Yorker is to drain resources from New York State. Federal aid programs are, for New Yorkers, a form of autotaxation, of foreign aid to depressed states of the union.

These are some of the realities studiedly avoided by spokesmen for the economics of illusion.

3. *And Then Some Sense*

The White House, particularly in the period of Sherman Adams' ascendancy, has not been free of the economics of illusion. But somehow, at someone's instigation (or maybe his own), economic illumination has suddenly taken the place of illusion in Presidential pronouncements on money, debt and budget matters.

It is as if a Samson had suddenly recovered, not merely his strength, but his sight. Speaking to a Washington rally of Republicans the other day, the President, in a burst of inspired clarity, put the whole matter of inflation in its true human perspective. "This is not a fight to balance the budget as an end in itself," he told Republican diners, "this is a fight . . . to protect the worker as he earns his pension and the retired man who must live on it . . . to prevent prices from impoverishing every man, woman and child in the nation . . . to promote an expanding economy and domestic prosperity."

For time almost out of mind—going back to the years in which Republican proponents of a sound dollar were traduced as unfeeling "Gold Bugs" bent on pressing a crown of thorns on the brow of labor—conservatives have allowed themselves to be jockeyed into the position that a concern for national solvency is to put "dollar values" ahead of "human values." The "human value" of a stable dollar, however, must become more and more apparent to an age that has gone all-out for wrapping its future in the cotton batting of pensions, deferred wages, and other fringe benefits scheduled to take effect after retirement.

Now, at last, the conservative can convincingly base his case for financial orthodoxy on the needs of the human heart. The President, it seems to us, has struck political as well as fiscal gold in basing his case for a balanced budget on the purely human needs of an aging population.

On two other occasions during the past week the

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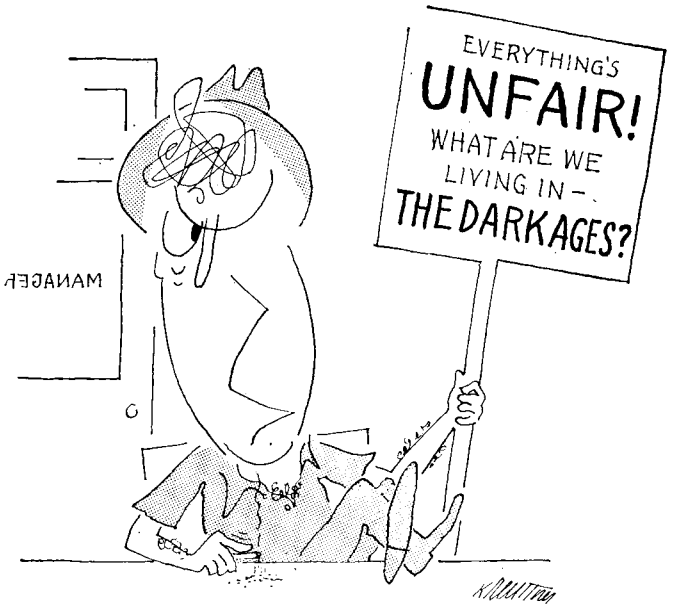
President let it be known that his "economics of illumination" comes from a total personal commitment. Talking to the American Medical Association, he recurred to the plight of the elderly under inflation. And, speaking to some business-magazine editors, he hinted that the Treasury must cease to unload its securities on the banking system, where they become an engine of inflation as individual banks use them as the basis for extending credit. To prevent the inflationary use of government borrowing, Eisenhower suggested that Congress should authorize a sufficiently high interest rate on government bonds to attract individual buyers, who would, presumably, salt them away in deflationary strongboxes.

True enough, the President's unavoidable proposal that the legal debt ceiling should be raised is sad reading against his other recent pronouncements. But the ceiling has never been proof against "temporary" breach. If the President can move Congress to accept his "economics of illumination" in other matters, the actual debt would drop as a matter of course, however high its legal ceiling might be.



"Marginal benefits like coffee breaks, long week ends, vacations, extra holidays, sick leave, emergency leave, hospitalization, medical expenses, dinner money, and automatic raises, are all mighty fine, but suppose one day I claim to be in two places at once and you happen to be looking for some scapegoat to vent your spleen on. What about Persecution Redress?"

The Court in Retreat

Three new Supreme Court decisions confirm the early warning signal given six months ago by the ruling on the Alabama Pupil Placement Act. The Court is carrying out, with all deliberate speed, a strategic retreat.

A precarious 5-4 majority, hanging by the thread of Felix Frankfurter's unpredictable option, is flouting the orders of Chief of Staff Warren. It has affirmed the contempt conviction of Lloyd Barenblatt, a Vassar instructor who had refused to answer questions concerning Communist affiliation that were put to him by the Committee on Un-American Activities. It affirmed, also, the contempt conviction of one Willard Uphaus, who had declined to produce documents bearing on possible Communist associations that were demanded of him by a New Hampshire state investigation. And on the ground that state laws should first be construed by the state courts, the majority—this time unexpectedly raised to six by the adhesion of Justice Hugo Black—reversed a finding by a federal district court that three Virginia laws concerned with school integration are unconstitutional.

By these three decisions the Court pointedly narrows what had been the generally accepted interpretation of several of the notorious rulings of the past five years: in particular, the Steve Nelson and Watkins opinions, and, in one sense at least, the series of Court actions on the school segregation issue. In effect, the Court now acknowledges the existence of the problem of internal subversion, and the right of Congress and the states to act thereon. Through the Virginia ruling, the Court suggests that the states may after all have something to say about their own school systems.

By the Barenblatt and Uphaus opinions, the Court implicitly admits that the investigatory power is a corollary of the legislative function. It is therefore up to the legislature itself—federal or state—to decide the subject-matter and scope of investigations. It is not for the Court to question the legislature's intent, but only to assure a fair and rightful procedure in fulfilling that intent.

Thus by these three new opinions the Supreme Court climbs down a peg or two from the super-governmental perch on which it has tried to roost these five years past. The Court's majority, though at the fierce protest of the Chief Justice and his unreconciled adjutants, retires under the shelter of the Constitution, where it meets again its former companions, the Congress and the states.

We all know, from what the Liberal admirers of *Watkins, Brown, Steve Nelson, et el.* have taught us, that the members of the Court decide their cases from the sole standpoint of judicial learning and intelligence applied to the pure principles of our Constitution. We would therefore not dream of suggesting that these new opinions reflect in any measure the mounting criticism of the Court's usurpations by responsible sectors of the legal profession, the lower

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judiciary, Congress, and the non-ideologized public more generally. And no doubt it is a coincidence that these opinions were handed down in the very week when Congress began debate on new measures —passed by the House last year and defeated by only a single vote in the Senate—that would reassert the constitutional prerogatives of the legislature against the usurpations of the Court. Even if the Court is only reefing its sails to run, while it must, before a gathering storm, we are happy for now that it is running in the right direction.

Malaya Strives to Conform

The indefatigable Miss Florence Fowler Lyons, scourge of UNESCO (See "Facts à la UNESCO," July 20, 1957) writes to inform us that she is ceding her position as Number One UNESCO-needler to the sovereign state of Malaya.

She offers as evidence excerpts from the massive "Report of Member States," recently published by UNESCO—a sort of report card on its nations, and how well they have done their duties, as specified by UNESCO. An honor system of sorts is employed: each state reports on itself, under the headings supplied by UNESCO. Here the incredible self-assessment of the incomparable state of Malaya, for the year 1958:

—"Convention for the Protection of Cultural Property in the Event of Armed Conflict."—No action taken. Comment: "We do not have statues and famous monuments like those to be found in Paris, Florence, Rome and other great European cities. Even if we did have them this suggestion is considered out of date in view of the thoroughly destructive capacity of present day weapons . . ."

—"Major Project on Mutual Appreciation of Eastern and Western Cultural Values."—No action taken. Comment: "At present Malaya is struggling to assimilate its own culture . . . UNESCO seems to be trying to standardize education and to fuse Eastern and Western culture. The former is not easily attainable and the latter might not be desirable. The obvious effect of the fusion of the two cultures is the production of VULGAR ART, VULGAR MUSIC AND VULGAR LITERATURE."

—"Training of Responsible Journalists."—No action taken. Comment: "The difficulty is . . . the fundamental need that they should all be instilled with genuine sense of responsibility and respect for individual privacy. This could be solved by educating the masses and the young, some of whom could perhaps become journalists in the future."

—"Agreement on the Importation of Educational, Scientific and Cultural Materials."—No action taken. Comment: ". . . We have no objection to importation of these materials, except Communist literature, which is illegal."

—"Recommendations Concerning Social Science." —No action taken. Comment: "Malaya is composed of three major races—the Malays, Chinese and Indians. Schools are open to all races and hence any conscious move to study the race question may have the reverse effect."

And three final, unsolicited comments: 1) "UNESCO has been suggesting too many ideas most of them already thought of before [and found impracticable]"; 2) "UNESCO gives us the impression that culture is the factor that would eliminate wars, banish selfishness and greed. This is stretching culture a little too far"; 3) "UNESCO seems to put too much importance on getting figures through the questionnaire forms, and then in making reports on the figures submitted. There is too much waste of time and the taxpayers' money . . ."

Quite a report card. Quite a report!

Will a Communist Edit for Knopf?

Mr. Alfred Knopf has calmly announced the appointment as editor of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., publishers, a man whom the public, having been given no reason to think otherwise, should assume to be a Communist. Let us hope that Mr. Angus Cameron satisfied Mr. Alfred Knopf that he no longer intends to serve the purposes of the Communist Party in this country; in which case Mr. Knopf owes it to the public to pass along the exhilarating information that Mr. Cameron has, finally, taken the pledge. But Mr. Knopf has not done so, and from his silence we deduce that he is refusing to give the public information to which that public is entitled if it is to have confidence in Knopf; or that Cameron has made no renunciation, no more in private than he has publicly: in which case one must be prepared hereafter to receive the works of Alfred A. Knopf in the light of the foreknowledge that the top editorial official of the company will be using his influence (as Mr. Cameron has in the past) to further the cause of our enemies.

Mr. Cameron worked for years in the firm of Little, Brown, and his influence there in behalf of Communist causes was discernible, indeed was scandalous. He left Little, Brown and founded, with Communist Albert E. Kahn, the firm of Cameron and Kahn, which published, among other books, *The Judgment of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg*, a pro-Communist apologetic by John Wexley; and Harvey Matusow's Communist-serving *False Witness*. The firm of Cameron and Kahn is inactive, but the publishers have since been involved in the Liberty Book Club, a

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Communist front run by Carl Marzani, convicted in 1947 and subsequently jailed for lying about his Communist affiliations. Cameron has contributed articles to *Masses and Mainstream,* a principal theoretical journal of Communism, and has written in praise of Alexander Trachtenberg, the international publisher of Communist books, and a Communist leader. He has sponsored more than thirty organizations that have toed the Communist line, and twice pleaded the Fifth Amendment when interrogated by congressional committees on the subject of his Communist affiliations.

What is the story here? Alfred A. Knopf, for all his recent eccentricities, has been considered a reputable member of the community. Did Angus Cameron apply to Knopf for a job after Knopf brought out the deceitful apologia of Alger Hiss? We have here a very serious and very interesting development: what looks like a critical Communist beachhead in the New York publishing industry.

New Wrinkles in Unioneering

Local 1119 of the Retail Drug Employees Union had a swell idea last week, while pursuing its illegal strike against the New York hospitals, namely, why not picket the business establishments of some of the hospitals' trustees? A rattling good idea, with infinite possibilities, the union leaders evidently agreed: and the next day, during the rush hour, a "demonstration" picketing of R. H. Macy, New York's largest department store, was instituted.

The union reasoned as follows: Mr. Jack I. Strauss is chairman of Macy's, and also vice president of the Roosevelt Hospital, in which capacity he voted with the other trustees against recognizing the union. Now if the reason why one should not therefore buy goods at Macy's does not strike you like a bolt of lightning out of the sky, why that is because your hierarchy of values is confused. What *is* perplexing is why Local 1119 does not picket the *New York Times* and close it down, for having sided editorially with the hospital management. We need to get on with the business at hand, which is to put a stop to journalism, and commerce, and other irrelevant transactions of life, until we establish absolutely the right of a labor union to decide who may work where, how and for what.

Going on Vacation?

Unless you expect to stay two months or more, it is not practicable to ask *National Review* to send your magazine to your temporary address. Four weeks are required to process an order (whether for a subcription or a change of address). Please include both your old and new addresses, and zone numbers. Address:

Circulation Department, *National Review*
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N. Y.

Notes and Asides

NATIONAL REVIEW takes pride in announcing that four able young writers have agreed to join the magazine as "associates and contributors." Hugh Kenner, who has appeared in our pages frequently in recent months and whose latest review was the exciting "The Sureness of Belloc" (April 25), has written a book on T. S. Eliot which will be published in a fortnight by McDowell, Obolensky. (Eliot has called him one of the outstanding young critics in America.) Francis Russell, a free lance writer, is a frequent contributor to *Time and Tide,* the *Observer, Modern Age* and *American Heritage.* An appraisal of Bertrand Russell by J. D. Futch, a young soldier now serving in Italy, will be published shortly. Mr. Futch, a Johns Hopkins graduate, plans to complete his graduate studies in history upon his discharge. Aloise B. Heath, well known to the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW for her infrequent (we mean it's like pulling teeth—ED.) and amusing commentaries on current foibles, goes on the masthead with the fervent hope of the editors that as a "contributor" she will feel impelled to, well, contribute.

For those who think NATIONAL REVIEW is too academic, we say: on the contrary, we write pretty hot copy—in fact, flaming hot. At least so it was demonstrated last week when, arriving at the office one morning, we found the daily envelope from the printer at the front door, merrily blazing away. After a valiant lady in the circulation department had stomped out the flames we investigated and found the galleys inside well-done—ranging from a readable gold-brown to an undecipherable charred black. You can say it was an accident, that a carelessly flicked cigarette or something had landed on it, but we know better. If you ask us, it was a Red-hot plot!

Our Contributors: PYRRHO ("Dead Hand of the Treasury") is an industrial consultant who has previously written for NATIONAL REVIEW on the Soviet economy. NICOLAS DE ROCHEFORT, a long-time student of Soviet affairs, is a professorial lecturer at American University in Washington. MICHAEL M. MOONEY ("Status, or How to be More Equal"), who makes his initial *NR* appearance in this issue, is a young New York publicity man with an agency of his own.

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Special Report

Dead Hand of the Treasury

PYRRHO

In 1934, Secretary Morgenthau inaugurated a new Treasury policy in a directive (T.D.4422) governing the treatment of capital assets in U.S. business accounting. The purpose was to carry out a drastic reduction of depreciation charges. Today, after 25 years of unrelenting effort, the Treasury has reduced the over-all weighted average of the rates allowed on depreciable assets to a figure between 4 and 5 per cent a year.

In 1942, under the characteristically aggressive direction of the Secretary and his chief assistant, Harry Dexter White, the present revised edition of Bulletin F was issued. Essentially, this is a collection of tables prescribing the "useful lives"—from a tax standpoint—of capital assets. Hotel drapery, for example, is allotted a useful life of twelve years. A machine tool that will be obsolete in five years may have a useful life, by the Morgenthau accounting, of 25 years. Urban residential property that may, conservatively, have an actual economic life of 25 years or less without major renovation, is considered as having a 40-year life expectancy (a 1919 kitchen, for example, is now ending its useful life).

The effects of Bulletin F are still only imperfectly understood. The consequences are many and, almost without exception, economically, politically and socially vicious. Consider, for example, the relation to national security. In many cases new weapons can be built only with new equipment. Production methods undergo major model changes almost as fast, today, as new weapons. Nevertheless, the capital assets of the American metalworking industry are presumed by Bulletin F to have a useful life of 22 years—not the five or six years that are in fact the life of a modern machine tool.

The results are disastrously clear. The lead-time on a new missile may be delayed two years because it takes that long to build the new machine tool that is needed to make it. Nearly all the components of a missile are difficult to make; many of them cannot be made except on machines that Bulletin F has prevented industry from installing. Already the hex tubes, nose cones, injection nozzles and other components have had to wait for the building of the machine tools that can make them. What lies ahead? More of the same. The American productive machine is increasingly obsolete, high-cost and worn-out. Much of it dates from World War II—the Dark Ages, in relation to the newest production methods.

Unreal Profits

Let us take another issue: the profits of American industry, about which Mr. David McDonald has recently been talking so much. They are high, but it is an unreal level that is in considerable part puffed up by Bulletin F. They depend on an enforced distribution of what represents in reality capital assets, which are subsequently taxed at two levels—the corporate and individual. The U.S. is the only civilized nation in the world that conducts its productive affairs in this way.

Mr. McDonald might further note that modern production technology, if fully installed, could achieve a 30-hour week, with greater output, lower prices and higher wages. But modern technology is forbidden, effectively, by Bulletin F. The short work week is still beyond the horizon.

Other consequences of the depreciation fraud are evident in U.S. exports and imports. In five years, imports of finished manufactures have risen 77 per cent, exports of finished manufactures by only 27 per cent. Gold is being lost continuously. Even France is now running a surplus on visible account with the U.S.—for the first time in the twentieth century. U.S. manufacturers are going abroad, not only because of the advantages that accrue in not having to deal with Jimmy Hoffa or Walter Reuther, but also because the U.S. Treasury will no longer be on their backs with Bulletin F.

The puzzling fact about Bulletin F is how this generation can continue to cling to one of the major Morgenthau-White monuments. Its meaning has been repeatedly explained to congressional committees, but always, unfortunately, in genteel terms. The appropriate indignation has been absent.

The reason for this is not far to seek. The Treasury is the most powerful and perhaps the most ferocious institution in the life of this country. It is certainly the most feared. Even the meticulously honest man can be badgered, harassed, and driven almost to the edge of the grave by administrative measures freely available to the most illiterate clerk in the Internal Revenue Service. One does not lightly engage the most powerful institution in the U.S. All this can be read in the testimony before the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation.

Obsolete U.S. Industry

The Treasury is, in fact, conducting a capital expropriation program. Business is required by law to subsist on its capital. Conservative estimates suggest that at least $7 billion a year that should be going into depreciation reserves are forced by regulation to be accounted as corporate profits, to be subsequently doubly taxed by the federal government and, frequently, state and local governments also.

Thereby our industry is rapidly becoming obsolete and non-competitive, our balance of payments shifts to the negative, gold is systematically being lost, and national economic growth is brutally retarded. The U.S. growth rate is roughly only one-third that of the western European countries, which have in the last decade increased their physical product as much as in the entire preceding century and a half.

To permit the industrial expansion necessitated by World War II and the Korean War, the Treasury—fortunately—allowed an accelerated depreciation rate. Some $30 billion of industrial assets have been subject to this sensible procedure in the last

(*Continued on p. 146*)

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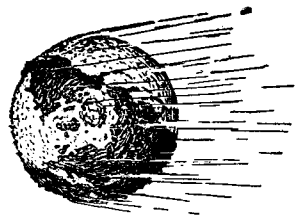

The Explosion of Africa

JAMES BURNHAM

Few of us in this country have as yet comprehended the pace of events in Africa. Even in our dizzying epoch of wars, revolutions and supersonic travel, there has never been anything quite like it. Within a twenty-year period, along which we are now at midway, the political, economic and social structure of the earth's second largest continent will have been transformed. I have been trying to lighten somewhat the darkness of my ignorance concerning the Dark Continent, and I here note a few of the tentative generalizations toward which the data I have encountered seem to lead.

1. The platitude that "the era of colonialism has ended" is indeed true. The principal colonial powers—Britain and France, and Belgium also, though with a slower planned tempo—accept this as an axiom. They seek to retain an interest and influence in Africa not by preserving the colonial ties but by converting them into the new political forms of Commonwealth (British) or Union (France) and by maintaining close economic links. "All that the British government can do," comments the London *Times*, "is to try to ensure that transfer of power is not merely a negative act, like evacuation of an occupied territory, but also a positive act in the sense that a potentially viable society is left behind."

2. The political development is very rapid. Since World War II, seven former African colonies or protectorates have become sovereign African states: Libya, Egypt, Tunisia, Morocco, Sudan, Ghana, Guinea. Before the end of next year, at least four more will reach independence: Nigeria—which, with its 40 million inhabitants, will join the Commonwealth—and the UN Trust Territories, French Cameroons, French Togoland and Italian Somaliland.

The Central African Federation (the Rhodesias plus Nyasaland) is already semi-autonomous, and Kenya and Uganda are moving quickly. By the terms of the new French Constitution, all the African parts of the French Union, except for Algeria, which has formal status as an integral part of France proper, have the right to follow Guinea in declaring independence. Short of that, their path toward autonomy within a federal union is set.

In most of these emerging African nations there are to be no Europeans in government office. Even where white men will remain exclusively or predominantly in political control—as in the Union of South Africa, and for a while at least in the Central African Federation and Kenya—they will themselves be Africans (*colons*, as the French call them). Most of the new nations are to be run by Arabs in the north and black men in the center and south, with whites functioning, if at all, only as advisers and technicians. In Nigeria even today, a year before independence, the administration is as all-black as Ghana. The ten Autonomous Republics of the French Union already have all-native governments.

3. In many African areas the rate of economic development is also rapid—though of course it starts from a low base. In Kenya, for example, in spite of the Mau Mau civil war, petroleum consumption between 1950-57 rose 500 per cent; electric power, 1,600 per cent; output of light industry, 165 per cent; cement, 58 per cent. In the Rhodesian Federation, in the two years 1955-1957, electricity production rose 300 per cent and personal consumption, 16 per cent. The figures for the Belgian Congo are even more spectacular. One of the world's major oil fields has just been unlocked in the Sahara. Skyscrapers, fancy hotels, boulevards and even traffic problems sprout along with tin shacks in the swelling African cities: Leopoldville, Salisbury, Brazzaville, Dakar, Accra, Nairobi, as well as the cities of the Arab north and Afrikans south. Even primitive Nigeria has three cities with more than 300,000 population. And the urban immigrants are entering for the first time into a money economy and national politics.

4. In most of these new nations a genuine democracy in the Western sense is out of the question. The social premises simply do not exist. Moreover, the rivalries among the native Africans are too deep for a democratic system, once the focus of unity is lost with the retirement of the whites.

5. Except in French or formerly French North Africa, where the Communist cadres were really extensions of the metropolitan party, Communist influence in Africa does not yet seem to be a major quantitative factor. It was not until four or five years ago that the Communists made Africa below the Mediterranean littoral an object of significant strategic attention. They have now penetrated to some degree, chiefly through intellectuals and trade union leaders. Their doctrine runs (according to a 1957 declaration at a Leipzig Congress): "The imperialists, chased out of Asia, have found in Africa sources of profit which could give them time to catch their breath." Therefore the imperialists must be thrown out. Hence: no overt Communism; but aggravation of all disorders, and support of the most extreme "African nationalism."

6. The boiling African development is wholly fluid, and thus in large measure unpredictable. It is by no means impossible that the West can adjust to it, prevent Africa from being taken over by the enemy, and even guide Africa into becoming a great new frontier—in a new sense—of Western enterprise. Granted the immense problems, Britain, France and Belgium, after some rough lessons, have lately been showing intelligence, courage and flexibility in their African policy. Though my opinion on things African is strictly amateur, I think that our government will do best to go along with them politically, while encouraging U.S. business to participate boldly in the building of the African economy.

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Foot in the Door

The googols are coming, and against them the College Door is Closing. A student who has Done It Himself suggests: Put Aeschylus in orbit

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

It looks to me as if The George Washington University (in Washington, D.C.) were helping to pioneer something whose long-range implications may be pretty important for a lot of us. What it implies, if I am right about it, is the beginning of the breakthrough in mass education, by using television. Of course, other institutions have been experimenting with television education, and on a grander scale. But George Washington's project happens to be the one that I have seen close up; so I shall limit myself to it. The larger significance of this development seems scarcely possible to overrate. Among other mercies, if time and a fuller curriculum justify the general use of TV for teaching, that would seem to thrust a formidable foot into the Closing College Door.

By now, there cannot be many of us who are unfamiliar with that implacably Closing Door. Daily, and sometimes several times a day, it has been threatening to slam in our faces, or our children's or grandchildren's. The problem posed by the Closing College Door is due not only to our population explosion, but to the realization, abruptly brought home by those sky-writing Sputniks, etc., that: 1) a lot more Americans are going to have to be educated a lot better and more quickly than the past; and that 2) henceforth education bears directly on national security and possibly national survival. On the TV screen, we see a flutter of black and white flakes, rather like snow mixed with soot. This is radioactive fallout; and, any day now, an accompanying voice tells us, we may find ourselves in the midst of it. The voice is unruffled, almost cosy—*nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro*—as if you and I or the commentator were the kind of people who would ever let ourselves show surprise at a little radioactive fallout.

Behold the contrast with the Closing College Door. Nothing lulling about this one. The accompanying voice is that of the Education Lobby. The scene on the TV screen is full of pathos, too. We see Willie, gowned in his high school graduation togs, clutching his diploma, all set for the next step: going to College. Heartbreak: Willie isn't going anywhere, except that he is fated to go forever un-higher-educated. For—a Delphic voice warns us—by 1984 (or whatever the fateful deadline is) the Closing College Door will have slammed shut in Willie's eager face. Googols of secondary school graduates will be besieging the gates of campuses, quite futilely, since college facilities will be totally inadequate to cope with such hordes. (In case you do not yet realize what age you have been born into, a googol is shorthand for a digit followed by one hundred zeros.) We are invited to write for a leaflet, setting forth these matters more fully, from an address sufficiently pseudonymous to stir a surmise that this is an air-hole of the Education Lobby, or one of its isotopes.

Our Own Dollars

The problem of the Closing College Door is beyond question a real one. And it would be impermissible to treat Willie and his plight so lightly, if this particular presentation of it did not remind us uneasily of the commercials which try to persuade us that virility is inseparable from smoking certain brands of cigarettes. In each case, we resent a sneak assault on good sense. In Willie's case, it takes no great wits to guess what we are expected to do next: shake out what is left in our lank wallets while we pressure our legislators (themselves, paradoxically, not always beacons of literacy) to syphon federal taxes into higher education. Parents are not, apparently, presumed to be educated (or natively bright) enough to perceive that federal aid to education is their own tax-ravaged and inflated dollars fed into academic tills by other-directed and coercive means.

Perhaps it will come to this. But let us not delude ourselves about what it is we shall have come to. This is the age of euphemism, because this is the age of the Total State that is dawning, more or less everywhere, though under various softening and dissembling names and forms, on various impressive pretexts or necessities. But it is not deemed expedient that we should grasp what age it really is—at least, not all at once, or all of us at once. So, perhaps, of necessity, the State must soon be into the Business of Education, as the witty and bracingly arrogant Professor J. K. Galbraith assured us, only the other day, that it must.

. . . and Gladly Paid

But must it? It is just here that that formidable foot I mentioned may have got into the Closing College Door. Which brings us back to The George Washington University and its television project. Early this year, the University's College of Special Studies, in cooperation with Station WTOP (the *Washington Post*), offered a TV course in Russian for beginners. Within a fortnight or so, some 3,400 students had paid their fees (up to $75), and enrolled for the course. Perhaps it is worth remembering that Russian (like English) is one of the most difficult of the great cultural languages; and that, until recently, those who struggled with it had to rise before daybreak for the

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lectures which go on the air at 6:30 a.m. That invisibly listening 3,400 must form one of the biggest classrooms anywhere. They equal the entire population of many a college campus. Bear in mind, too, that they are being taught by a single instructor— the very competent Mr. Vladimir Tolstoy. One mind efficiently instructing a formally enrolled class of 3,400 other minds—it is at that point that the possibilities of television education begin to open out. When this is possible and comparatively simple, why need the Closing College Door close, or be held open chiefly by the strong-arm State? Why cannot a comparatively small faculty (and a highly select one at that) instruct millions just as well as 3,400?

The Education Lobby

I am not an educator, so that the reasons why not do not leap to my mind as fleetly as I have no doubt they will leap to authoritative minds. Some of the objections must certainly be well taken, if only on grounds of ca' canny. Some, we may feel reasonably sure, will be simple obstruction, not perhaps consciously identified as such by the obstructors. For here we run up against the rooted human reluctance to innovation (a reluctance for which, at times, there is something to be said), but which, perhaps rather more often, amounts to a dense inertia. We also get into the preserves of vested academic interest. And I incline to the view that Fafnir, grunting and belching over the Niebelung Hoard, was a tame and temperate dragon compared to schoolmen, guarding academic interests to which they have staked claims during dedicated lifetimes, with little enough recognition, and few of this world's rewards.

Here, too, we can only brush the powerful forces, which we lump loosely as the Education Lobby, and which appear, in general, to be bound by the most tender, consanguine ties to vaster, more powerful forces that look to the State as the sovereign solvent of our social (and most other) problems. And this, not because such heads are peculiarly mischievous, wicked or (as an otherwise intelligent Conservative said to me recently) "immoral." Mischief and malignity might be comparatively easy to deal with. But these folk are, in general, intelligent, articulate, and intellectually effective, to the degree in which, having looked into the problem and sounded its complexities in depth, they find no agency but the State adequate to solving it on such a scale. It is this, precisely, that gives them a quite unbearable moral presumption. They also note that, given the general pattern of the age, the whole momentum of historical forces, quite apart from what anybody might want to do, or not to do, about it, is working to strengthen the State. And their sense of riding this irresistible momentum is precisely what gives them an insufferable self-righteousness. Since anything that magnifies the power of the State hastens a process, which is deemed inevitable, whatever tends to speed it up shortens it, and is, to that degree, beneficent. Anything that slows it down is unintelligent, maleficent, and, in such terms, "immoral." That is to say, much the same judgment reached by my Conservative friend, but reached from the other direction by reading the same terms in a reverse sense.

Since the Closing College Door tends to strengthen the State, that Door is a godsend to such folk, and they may be expected to put their full and ululant weight behind it, and against anything that might keep it ajar. They do not necessarily think of it this way. But we are not speaking here about what individual heads think, but about relationships of forces and interests, and what happens when individual men are drawn by them into action, which has a way of depersonalizing most of us. In any event, if televised education really threatens to thrust a foot in the Closing College Door, we may well see some plain and fancy surgery to sever the foot at the ankle.

Lines of Attack

One line of surgery seems obvious. While talking with the head of the Slavic Department and others at George Washington, I thought I caught the whine of the whetstone just behind their backs. The same sound seemed phrased in a question on the form that many TV students filled out for the College of Special Studies: "Can Education be successfully given over TV?" My answer: "No question whatever about it; it can."

Another line of attack is easily foreseen. Presumably, it would go much like this. Suppose you are televising not just a single course; and one, too, about which there is, admittedly, a touch of fad. Suppose you are televising a full semester's high school or college work, especially to younger students. When they are put on their own, largely removed from the hourly discipline of class attendance and supervision, what grounds have you for expecting, what right have you to expect, that the mass of such students would do the necessary work? My reaction to that one is brief, blunt, and to many, I should think, abhorrent: about this the Russians seem to me unquestionably right. Those who cannot learn should be spared the ordeal. Those who will not learn should be spared the privilege. If they will not learn, and, while learning, keep to a certain standard of progress—into the factories with them, or stores, or any occupation that will usefully employ (and train) their hands and heads, without making undue demands upon their minds. At the same time, every effort should be made to help out of routine, stultifying jobs young (and older) people who can, and *will*, use their minds, but are prevented from learning by the need to earn. No use to say that this is undemocratic. This selective process, and only this one, is truly democratic, drawing out of the fecund, unranked body of the nation, the forces on which, when trained, depends the well-being of the community as a whole.

In the past, our slackness about learning did not matter. At least, it did not matter enough to justify so drastic a stand. But the past and its easy ways (which I, personally, prefer to anything that is likely to take their place) helps us little or nothing now. We are visibly on a historical turning-point which is all but certain to determine the human condition for an unforeseeable reach of time. How that turning-point comes out for us, turns, in a much more foreseeable degree, on what the oncoming generations make of their minds. And not only the oncoming

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generations. There are plenty of adult minds (a sizable arsenal of them, one suspects) whose efficiency a little easily accessible education would greatly step up, probably to their own considerable exhilaration.

TV Screen and Campus

I am not suggesting, of course, that televised education can replace (or displace) Harvard—letting that name stand, *in excelsis,* for many others. No merely functional teaching is likely to be a substitute for a campus education with its celebrated intangibles, dedicated to shaping, as we are reminded at almost any Commencement exercises, "the whole man." There is also a fairly dreary waste (which also has its justifying arguments) in any college education. Ninety windows smashed in one fraternity house in one glorious night (to cite an item of rather recent personal recollection) scarcely seem indispensable to shaping "the whole man." Nor is all the waste on the side of the students, as anybody knows who has been exposed to the enshrined prejudices, posturings and crotchets of certain old faculty boys of nostalgic memory. These, too, have their justifications, though one cannot help wondering how those antics might go over on a TV screen under the sobering stare of millions.

I am not suggesting, either, that televised education is coming tomorrow, or that it does not pose its own order of grave and complex problems; or that it is a cure-all for our educational plight. I am saying only that the need is great, pressing, and generally conceded; that, in television, a means to meet the need, at least in part, appears to be at hand; that it is comparatively inexpensive and need not involve the State. What is required next would seem to be the will to mate the means and the need; to work out organizational and other problems, which, however difficult, are likely to be somewhat less so than those of splitting the atom or orbiting a rocket around the sun. I venture that, if need and means were brought together, the public response might be at least as startling as the response to The George Washington University's Russian course.

In fact, the problem's thrust outstrips all such terms. It is clear that mankind may, within a rather short time, blow itself into a poisonous powder and lie dusting a vaster putrefaction. I happen to believe that the odds, though touch and go, are rather against apocalypse. If this proves true, it seems to me that, for a century or so, the energies of mankind will be increasingly directed to, and absorbed, with an exclusive and unparalleled intensity, in raising the level of human material well-being, *i.e.,* social wealth, and in solving certain related problems. One of the beneficent side-effects of the crisis of the twentieth century as a whole, is a dawning realization, not so much that the mass of mankind is degradingly poor, as that there will be no peace for the islands of relative plenty until the continents of proliferating poverty have been lifted to something like the general material level of the islanders. It is this perfectly practical challenge, abetted by a sound self-interest, which must engross the energies of mankind, and more and more, perhaps, inspire it as a perfectly realizable vision. Especially, I should think, it would inspire Americans, who, in a sense, invented abundance; and who appear to feel what other nations have felt as a sense of destiny, only in the generous act of bringing their abundance, and the know-how behind it, to less fortunate breeds.

But the world is also degradingly ignorant—and by no means only in Africa. Unless the general level of mind is raised at the same time as the level of material well-being, and not too many steps behind, we shall all risk resembling those savages whom, within living memory, civilizers introduced to the splendor of top hats and tight shoes, for the greater glory of their extremities, leaving unredeemed the loin-cloth of their middle zones, and the wits between their ears.

In the Next Century

In fact, we shall have little choice but to raise the level. A modern economy of abundance cannot be sustained, cannot even be organized, without also organizing (*i.e.,* educating) the brains to run it. At the point where such brains must number millions, education must almost certainly take to the air. It seems extremely doubtful that the old local centers of learning, however expanded, can cope with twenty-first century needs. They will doubtless long retain their glory, which will draw to them the élite of the élite for the refinement of knowledge. But the educational scale of the future would seem to require solutions in something approaching googol terms.

Still, men are incurably traditional, no doubt because they are irremediably mortal—a circumstance that no amount of material well-being is likely to change much. So every revolution prepares a conservatism of new forms. Patterns of convention, symbol, ritual reassert themselves to provide a comfort and a reassuring hand-hold on the slowly sinking ship, which, since each of us always dies, each of us always is. So perhaps, when the great television universities of the future go on the air, beaming their courses from satellite stations orbited in space, students in Katmandu or Cochabamba, before tuning in, may bow three times ceremoniously toward Cambridge (U.K. or Mass.) and the University of California at Los Angeles, though they may no longer know or care just why they make this ritual gesture. Only the oldest old boys may mumble, between their stainless steel teeth, of a legend that, in the centuries BTE (Before Television Education), Oxford, Princeton, Yale, and the like, were names for high places of the mind by which the wonder came.

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from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

In Praise of the Twenties

Everyone has a formative decade which he finds it forever impossible to escape. My own happened to coincide with the decade of the nineteen twenties, a time in which the individual, far from belonging to a "lost generation," had everything going for him. Try as I might throughout the thirties and forties to adapt myself to a period of collectivist aims and varying types of group-think, I could never feel comfortable about it. I never felt good about life in America again until the fifties, when individualism—or voluntarism—again started to rear its head.

The twenties have somehow attracted to themselves the adjective "roaring." Well, they may have roared in Texas Guinan's club, or on Rum Row in Chicago, or in Wall Street in that deluded last year, but it is hard otherwise to remember them as particularly violent, or aimless, or dissolute. They were the times when drudgery started to go out of American life. Intellectuals complained when marginal farmers and sharecroppers were "tractored off" their acres. But the intellectuals never thought of the sudden increase of amenities and cultural opportunities for the good farmer who had the tractor. They never thought of the sons and daughters who could henceforward afford to say "Goodbye Wisconsin" (Glenway Wescott's title) and go off to write that novel in Paris.

In fiction, the twenties tended to build solidly on the experimentation of the previous decade. Where the thirties, the time of the Okies and the proletcult, offered a literature of pushovers, the hero of the twenties was what a later sociology would call "inner directed." Babbitt actually believed in his Dream City; Arrowsmith believed in the integrity of science; Carol Kennicott of *Main Street* believed in bringing Maeterlinck to the small town sewing circle; Willa Cather's lost lady, though indubitably lost, believed in warmth and style; and even the Great Gatsby held to the magic talisman of the green light at the end of the dock.

Westbrook Pegler remembers the quality of those years when he speaks of the sassy bungalows going up in the suburbs. I don't hold for bungalows, and even suburbs are too cluttered for my taste, but the drift from the Coketown metropolis, the urban warren, of the nineteenth century really took effect in the twenties.

But mostly it was a time of individual prowess and ingenuity. The sports heroes of the twenties—Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Bobby Jones and so on—are, of course, legendary. But the cult of personal excellence as allied to ingenuity rayed out in a thousand directions. Lindbergh, utilizing the ingenious machine of the Wright Brothers, flew the Atlantic; in the factories, ingenious arrangements of tools slashed drastically into the burden of fixed-costs-per-article; and if all the intellectuals saw was the "robotization" of the worker, the worker himself appreciated the time he had gained to go fishing. When Christy Borth, a writer, asked a Ford worker if making the same motions all day on an assembly line constituted boredom, the worker spat contemptuously and answered, "Did you ever try farming?"

In the twenties, an inner-directed character, Commander Eugene McDonald, a man whose hobbies included the promotion of gliding, started the Zenith Radio Corporation more or less from scratch. The creation of Zenith is one of the minor sagas of the period. Later, in the forties, McDonald, ever the ingenious man, decided that his company would be the first to provide "pay as you see" television. He came up with a device that would enable the viewer to tune in on a commercial entertainment merely by calling up the phone operator and asking for an "unscrambling" signal—the bill to be presented at the end of the month. But the FCC, a regulative body that had arrogated to itself the right to control television financing as well as the allocation of wave lengths, turned thumbs down on McDonald's idea.

It reckoned, however, without McDonald's background as a man of the twenties. Blocked off, at least for the time being, from putting a "box office" into television that would enable the viewer to pay for his entertainment without having to endure the interruptions of the singing commercial, the Zenith Company came up with the Space Command "remote" TV tuning gadget, popularly known as the blab-off. Now a television fan can sit in his chair and, by the mere press of a button, send a "silent sound" to the TV set that screens out the commercial plug. This is McDonald's revenge for the FCC's refusal to sanction phonevision, or pay-as-you-see television. It is a revenge the individualistic twenties would have appreciated. Some day, when the big broadcasting companies get the idea that people aren't listening to some of the more vulgar or inane advertising programs which clutter up the airwaves, they may turn to pay-as-you-see television as a matter of survival.

The thirties talked endlessly of "planning" — meaning government planning for an industry that was to be kept in leading strings. But this idea of planning precludes the "leap in the dark" that happens when men are free to tinker on their own. In a few weeks of recent newspaper reading I have noted that Cluett, Peabody, manufacturer of men's wear, is the inventor of the "stretchable paper" now being used to wrap the *Reader's Digest*. Kennecott Copper people no longer lug pickaxes into the desert to look for copper; instead, they pick up cactus needles and bits of mesquite and take them back to the "geobotany" laboratory for chemical tests that will reveal ore-in-the-ground. And out in Missouri, according to Inez Robb, local entrepreneurs have married laundromats to bowling alleys. The Missouri housewives send bowling pins sprawling while they are waiting for their sheets and pillow cases to dry.

All of this is quite in the spirit of the twenties. A person who came of age in that period can now feel at home again.

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Look Behind You, Khrushchev

Could his tough, unyielding stance in Geneva be that old stand-by, the manufactured crisis abroad to disarm political enemies at home?

NICOLAS DE ROCHEFORT

We often hear that, in triggering the Berlin crisis, Nikita Khrushchev moved from a position of strength growing out of the Soviet Union's economic successes and its accomplishments with nuclear weapons and guided missiles. Yet I suspect that exactly the contrary is true—that the Soviet leadership moves, not from strength, but from serious internal weaknesses; indeed, that the prime purpose of the Berlin *démarche* was to help solve the problems at home. A resounding victory in the Berlin situation is, of course, what Khrushchev is after; but a tie, or even a defeat, will have supplied a necessary diversion from domestic troubles that may seriously endanger his rule.

There is nothing new about this strategy. Many a dictator, confronted with internal difficulties, has sought to dodge or divert attention from them by engaging in some foreign adventure. Khrushchev's concrete needs, moreover, conform to the usual pattern: in addition to a dissatisfied populace, the Soviet leader has got to cope with potential rivals for supreme power, with a potential palace revolt. Khrushchev himself has made it clear that he has rivals, and who they are. The so-called anti-party group—Comrades Molotov, Kaganovich, Malenkov, Shepilov, and more recently, Bulganin—has been the target of several dozen Khrushchev tirades over the past year and a half.

In one respect, however, Khrushchev's assault has been pursued in a most un-Bolshevist fashion: it has not resulted in liquidations. The anti-party group, though discredited and condemned, is still not put away. Why? One possibility is that Khrushchev is simply keeping his enemies on ice—that he intends using them as scapegoats should the need arise later on. Soviet history is full of such tactics. Another possibility is that the anti-party group and its partisans are yet too strong to be put away—that the issues that divided them from Khrushchev and his supporters in the first place are still burning issues inside the party, and that they are still far from being resolved in Khrushchev's favor. This galaxy of sophisticated, seasoned, once-honored Communist leaders ganged up on Khrushchev in 1956 and 1957, attacked him and lost to him precisely on the ground where dangerous crevices now appear under Khrushchev's feet. In the areas in which the anti-party group challenged Khrushchev, spectacular innovations have now been introduced in his name; indeed, the Kremlin boss is being officially praised for them in a fashion reminiscent of Stalin's "cult of personality." If Khrushchev should stumble and fall in any of these areas, it would be a telling vindication of the anti-party group's claims.

I tend to think that both factors play a role in Khrushchev's policy: that he sees advantages in keeping his enemies alive as a hedge against a future internal crisis, but that he hopes to prevent his internal problems from becoming acute by keeping up a sizzling foreign policy.

The Dilemma of Planning

The main problem confronting Khrushchev is how to make good on his boldly ambitious seven-year plan. Khrushchev proposes to equal U.S. per capita industrial output, and to outstrip us in absolute terms, by the end of 1965. This goal, in itself, requires a massive immediate increase in manpower. But at the same time, the plan envisions a six-hour day and a forty-hour week. These fresh manpower demands arise precisely at the time when the Soviet Union is beginning to feel the effects of a low birth rate that occurred between 1939 and 1945.

Khrushchev and his supporters devised several ingenious answers to the dilemma; but these measures, while they may ease the labor problem, are pregnant with potential dangers on other fronts.

One of these measures is the "reform" of secondary and higher education, promulgated in December 1958.

There are already signs that the "reform" is not sitting well. Even under the stifling conditions of Soviet censorship, timid protests against "child labor" are appearing as letters to the editors of *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. Barely a stir at this time, this resentment and resistance—within the party as well as outside of it—could become a rallying point for the anti-party group.

Agricultural "Freedom"

A second measure, also opposed by the anti-party group, involves agriculture. It may have more immediate and more serious consequences, both for Khrushchev's personal status and for the regime; for peasants are old hands at passive resistance, as they showed in the early days of collectivization.

The measure was noisily introduced last summer as a "liberalization" of Soviet agricultural policies. Liberalization meant, concretely, abolition of fixed prices for State purchases from the collective farms *(kolkhozes)*, and of compulsory deliveries of farm products. The *kolkhozes* became free to sell to whom they wanted, and free to set their own prices. But any rejoicing over the newly granted "freedom" was short-lived. By fall Khrushchev was saying that the State would buy only from *kolkhozes* that tried to reduce

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their prices. And the *kolkhozes* were "advised" to achieve that goal by consolidating smaller collective farms into larger units in order to reduce overhead expenses, facilitate mechanization and increase man-hour productivity. This meant, among other things, relinquishing to the collective farms the last remnants of private property—the individual garden plots and cattle privately owned by *kolkhoz* members. The work-hours "unproductively" used on those private properties would become available to "productive" collective farming.

In order to enforce these "recommendations," the government forcibly promoted State farms *(sovkhozes)*, and placed them in a privileged competitive position with the *kolkhozes*. The *sovkhozes* received extra technical and scientific help, better fertilizers and better agricultural equipment than the *kolkhozes*, and they were given market monopolies in the largest cities. The Twenty-First Party Congress endorsed these agricultural measures and repeated Khrushchev's blunt statement that the country was headed toward a progressive merger of *sovkhozes* and *kolkhozes*.

The immediate consequences may be nothing more than deliberately retarded production by the frustrated peasants. But this kind of passive resistance, anticipated by the anti-party group, could eventually jeopardize the whole seven-year plan.

Industrial Confusion

Of course, the manpower shortage is not the only obstacle to the realization of Khrushchev's glittering seven-year goals. Another is lack of capital, as witness Khrushchev's personal appeal to President Eisenhower last summer for long-term credits. The anti-party group warned of this deficiency: it strongly opposed Khrushchev's foreign aid adventures on the ground that the money was needed by the Soviet economy itself. Still another obstacle is the apparent inability of Soviet industry to produce sufficient tubes for a new network of gas and oil pipelines that is absolutely integral to the development of the Soviet chemical industry and other aspects of the seven-year plan. Khrushchev's attempts to buy steel in the U.S. were recently thwarted, though not without a fight, by Secretary of Commerce Strauss.

Another Khrushchev innovation that was vigorously criticized by the anti-party group is the effort to "decentralize" Soviet industrial administration. Last May, in the interests of "efficiency" and "local autonomy," Khrushchev abolished the 21 industrial ministries that had controlled, from the top, the minutest details of industrial activity throughout the Soviet empire. Economic planning, henceforth, was to be done from the bottom up: plans were to go from the individual enterprises, to the regional economic council (a *Sovnarkhoz*), to the government of the local Union Republic, to Moscow—and back down the ladder again for implementation. Very un-Marxist, Khrushchev's opponents maintained —a dangerous dispersal of economic authority. And besides, they predicted, the scheme would only increase confusion and delay in planning.

Marxist doctrine aside, it appears that the anti-party group is being vindicated. There *is* confusion, and the delays *have* increased. What is more—the item is a small one, but it adds grist to the anti-party group's mill—the *Sovnarkhozes* are now being accused of diverting scarce rubles to local recreational (*i.e.*, "unproductive") projects.

The point is not that Khrushchev's regime is about to crumble—far from it. It is rather that he faces far graver problems at home than any his agent is currently taking up with Messrs. Herter, Lloyd and Couve de Murville. And the problem at home is not so much that the Soviet Union may undergo severe economic and social dislocations in the months ahead (dictatorships have survived such inconveniences before); it is rather that a group exists that may be able to take advantage of Khrushchev's missteps and exploit his distress. "Down with the anti-party!" parrotted the Twenty-First Party Congress. But the anti-party lives. We should remember that Molotov, Malenkov, Kaganovich, *et al.*, are party leaders of long standing. Their records as devoted Communists are, in the minds of most of the party faithful, unimpeached, Khrushchev's contrived indictments to the contrary notwithstanding. Only recently they held considerable strength in the party's Central Committee, as witness the majority they mustered against Khrushchev in the Presidium just prior to their downfall. There is little doubt that the anti-party group still has many devotees inside the party.

Perhaps—if this is, indeed, his game—Khrushchev will be able to turn his enemies' strength to his own advantage by using them as scapegoats for future setbacks. But perhaps not. One conclusion is sure: that the struggle for power still goes on in the Soviet Union. It would be wise for Western diplomats, notably those concerned with Summit plans, to remember this; and to realize that the surest way to abate the struggle is to grant Khrushchev victories in the cold war.

DEAD HAND OF THE TREASURY

(*Continued from p. 139*)

ten years. Many uncomprehending citizens of various political persuasions have denounced this as an impermissible "subsidy." It was objectionable, but only because it was temporary and discriminatory.

In Canada, machine tools are depreciated over a five-year period. In the U.S., the rates of Bulletin F average 22 years. In England, 50 per cent of the cost of a machine tool can be depreciated in the first year. In France, West Germany and Italy, even more favorable rates, that also take into account the effects of inflation, can be secured.

In the U.S., however, a capital asset that originally cost $10,000 and now costs $30,000, can only be depreciated on the basis of historical cost. Replacement cost is not acceptable. Hence U.S. industry is reluctant to modernize its plant, and to replace worn-out assets. It is easier and cheaper to repair the old stuff, because repair outlay is a charge *before* profits.

These are some of the implications of Bulletin F. The consequences in nearly every phase of American life are bad and, in some areas, disastrous. How much longer is the Treasury to be allowed to keep American industrial might laced in this Morgenthau-White strait jacket?

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Prospects in Italy

The general atmosphere on the Apennine Peninsula today is markedly different from what it was three months ago. It is doubtful that Professor Fanfani will ever return to political life, and at the moment the Segni government, ruling with the support of the small Neo-Fascist and Monarchist groups, seems to be firmly in the saddle. Although only small strides have been made in solving unemployment, the lira is one of the most stable currencies in Europe; and in spite of her mounting difficulties in the Central Tyrol, Italy has considerably fortified her international position. By her readiness to permit the building of rocket bases on her soil she has earned the goodwill of the United States and of anti-Communists everywhere.

However, the emphatic turn to the right of the *Democrazia Cristiana* has been accompanied by a curious setback in Sicily which, like the combined Central and South Tyrol, Sardinia, and the Valley of Aosta, is an autonomous region with greater independence than the other areas. In Sicily a wing of the *Democrazia Cristiana,* under the leadership of Signor Milazzo, has established a working agreement with the two big parties of the Left and this has thoroughly disgusted the Roman leadership of the DC, whose rightist leanings become ever more pronounced. The venerable Don Luigi Sturzo, founder of the *Popolari* (the forerunner of the DC), a senator and a Sicilian himself, wrote a scathing article in the *Giornale d'Italia* denouncing this unholy alliance and belittling Milazzo's public profession of his fervent Catholic faith. (Here again we see a manifestation of the leftist trend in the DC's intellectual leadership which has a very limited echo among the mass of DC voters.) Cardinal Ruffini of Palermo rushed to report to the Pope on the peculiar Sicilian situation where a common dislike of the "mainland" is breaking down natural ideological barriers, as shown in the June 7 election.

Of course, one must remember that Italian politics always have been less responsive to ideological convictions than those of other European nations. Personal rancor, the ability to enter *combinazioni* as well as startling friendships have frequently taken precedence over pure thought. The intellectual meanderings of the various ideologies in a semi-tropical climate have shown unexpected evolutions. The *Missini,* the Neo-Fascists, would probably protest against being called leftists, but one has only to read Mussolini's famous article on Fascism in the *Enciclopedia Italiana* (or the diaries of Victor Serge) to see the decidedly leftist, socialist origin of the fascist idea.

Population Problems

Behind all the fermentations in the Parliament and the committees of the various parties, however, there remains the down-to-earth problem of employing and feeding a population of almost 50 million within a rather infertile area no larger than New Mexico. Although the figure of 1.3 million unemployed has been seriously questioned, there is no reason to believe that unemployment has not kept step with the mounting population since 1945. (Italy's birth rate, by the way, is lower than France's.) The visitor cannot but be impressed by the amount of building and construction in Italy. In Naples the slums of the old quarter are being demolished and replaced with colossal modern buildings. (Not having seen this part of Naples since 1955, I got lost recently.) Rome's population has tripled since 1920 and skyscrapers are shooting up, not only in Milan, but also in provincial cities like Ferrara or in manufacturing centers like Turin. One of the biggest road projects, the *Autostrada del Sole,* connecting Milan with Salerno (via Bologna, Florence, Rome and Naples) is being tackled with energy. It will allow the tourist to zoom from the Alps to the gates of Sicily.

The problem of southern Italy has not been solved in spite of the fact that the energetic *Cassa per il Mezzogiorno,* a government enterprise designed to reorganize and improve the agriculture and industry of the south, has given up squandering huge sums itself in order not to use the big contracting firms. The directors now carry out their task with the aid of private industry. Only the unification of Europe will attract sufficient foreign capital to provide the necessary employment in the south. Although a certain amount of illiteracy is still to be found in the *Mezzogiorno,* the southerner, as compared with the north Italian, has the quicker mind, the greater mechanical aptitude, but less stamina in persevering with his work. Once the West European tariff walls have been broken down, it is a certainty that German, French and Benelux firms will rush to the south. And American enterprises, now establishing branches in western Europe, will probably do the same.

The economic penetration of Italy presupposes the permanence of Democratic-Christian rule, and there is little doubt that any Italian government in the foreseeable future will exist without DC participation. To old-timers, who remember not only Fascism but even the pre-1922 era, the emergence of the DC is an extraordinary and puzzling phenomenon. The very idea that a Christian party could dominate the country would have seemed unthinkable to anybody fifty years ago. Then the "prisoner in the Vatican" had been written off as a relic of the unenlightened pre-*Risorgimento* days. The kings of Italy were automatically excommunicated until 1929, and the advent of the lay Republic was the natural expectation of all thinking men and women. But history has decreed otherwise. President Gronchi was received by Pope John XXIII on May 9, which caused an old member of the Republican Party to remark to me acidly that the Pontiff was going to hear the report of his *Luogotenente,* his vicar. "The Church State now extends from the Brenner to the Sicilian straits," he added sourly, which in view of Signor Milazzo's vagaries in Sicily is not exactly true.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Real Educators

In the earlier volumes of *A Study of History,* Mr. Arnold Toynbee assumed that a society's religion grows of its culture. But in his later volumes, Mr. Toynbee has altered his premise: culture, he now recognizes, arises out of religion. This point is the most important one that anyone can make concerning the life of the mind. Religious belief is the source of all order, intellectual and social.

A good many self-styled "educators," nowadays , are intent upon driving religious knowledge out of the intellectual world; upon establishing a system of public instruction, at all levels, that will be wholly secular and wholly controlled by the State. No scheme coud be more inimical to real culture.

The foundation of schools and colleges in America was the work of religious persons. That there is still some virtue in our educational institutions must be credited, in considerable degree, to the survival of church-connected schools and colleges, and to the lingering vestiges of religious influence upon our state educational institutions. Two good recent books touch upon this influence in the Middle West: *Gabriel Richard, Frontier Ambassador,* by Frank B. Woodford and Albert Hyma (Wayne State University Press), and *Minority of One: the Biography of Jonathan Blanchard,* by Clyde S. Kilby (Wm. B. Erdmans Publishing Company).

Father Richard, a French-born Sulpician priest, was a power in Michigan from 1798 to 1832. With immense energy, he established schools for both whites and Indians there at the back of beyond. With three or four associates, he succeeded in founding the University of Michigan, becoming its first vice-president in 1817. (The president was a Calvinist minister, John Monteith.) Richard was appointed to six of the seven chairs of the infant university. What is more, the general plan of the University, which became the most famous of American state universities, in considerable part was that of Richard.

As Woodford and Hyma write, "Richard alone of the founding group was the only true pedagog with training and experience in the field of education. Better than the others, he was aware of the Territory's great need of educational facilities. . . . Only Richard preserved and kept alive the ideal."

Dr. Jonathan Blanchard

Richard's was a stormy life: he made excursions into publishing, politics, and other realms. The career of Dr. Jonathan Blanchard similarly was turbulent. Active in the anti-slavery and anti-secret-society movements, Blanchard was a politician-educator —but of a type superior, in mind and motive, to that of some college presidents who dabble in practical politics nowadays. As president, successively, of Knox College and of Wheaton College, Blanchard is a good exemplar of the God-fearing, energetic, high-principled leaders of our Protestant liberal arts colleges in their early days.

Jonathan Blanchard's own schooling is interestingly described by Dr. Kilby. Blanchard attended Middlebury College in Vermont, founded by Timothy Dwight in 1800. Another student there, in the 1820's, thus described the austere existence of the American collegian: "My room was furnished with nothing save a carpet of mother earth on its floor, which a few buckets of water and a broom greatly improved. A few shillings furnished a bedstead and cord, and the bundle containing my whole wardrobe, which had been my traveling companion all the way from Massachusetts, though wet by the storm, furnished a pillow."

This is a far cry from the typical American campus a hundred and thirty years later: the country-club campus, with a thousand sports cars parked under its trees. And there is another difference: at Middlebury, and colleges like it, the students profited from a strict intellectual discipline, Charles Eliot not yet having been born to establish the cafeteria-style "elective" curriculum. The entering freshman at Middlebury in 1828 was expected to be already "thoroughly acquainted with the grammar of the Latin and Greek languages, and be able to construe and parse . . . Virgil, Cicero's Select Orations, the Greek Testament, and Dalzel's Collectanea Graeca Minora, or Jacob's Greek Reader. He must likewise understand Latin and Greek Prosody; be able to translate English into Latin; and possess a knowledge of Ancient and Modern Geography, and of Arithmetic, including Vulgar and Decimal Fractions, with the doctrine of Roots and Powers." This is Blanchard's own description. How many American doctors of philosophy, awarded their diplomas this month, could pass such tests, then intended for farm boys of sixteen and seventeen?

System Later Undermined

The old American curriculum, in school and in college, was intended to attain an ethical end through an intellectual means: to strengthen and ennoble character through the study of great literature and science. Such was Richard's aspiration in the founding of the University of Michigan, and such was Blanchard's work at Knox and Wheaton.

These gentlemen and scholars were educators in the true sense of the word, nowadays much abused. They were schoolmen. They did not have doctoral degrees in college administration or educational psychology. They knew that genuine learning necessarily is a painful process, for they had read Aristotle; and they did not try to make a little game of it. It is a grim paradox that men like Charles Eliot and John Dewey, whose own intellects were developed by the system that Richard and Blanchard and their tribe reared, devoted their talents to an undermining of the whole structure of American formal education.

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Clichés Are Pretty, Too

MORTON CRONIN

Hardly anything will make so many literary folk rally to a cause in such ecstatic agreement as the ceremony of denouncing trite expressions like *rally to a cause* and *ecstatic agreement*, both of which are clichés of the second water, if not of the first. In their *Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage*, Bergen and Cornelia Evans, for instance, perform this ceremony over and over with all that enthusiastic disregard for monotony of those who, like young lovers, stand on ground which is both orthodox and fashionable. Dwight Macdonald's review of the Evanses' work furnishes a sample of the kind of support they know they can count on: "The extermination of clichés, those termites constantly eating at the foundations of our language, is an important job of a usage dictionary." (*The New Yorker*, May 17, 1958.)

In leafing through the short preface which the Evanses wrote for their book, I come upon these expressions: *a specter . . . rises, exorcise this demon, the common man, hot and bothered, dots all the i's and crosses all the t's.*

In Macdonald's review I encounter *airing his prejudices, a chamber of horrors, struck a chill into me, cry of protest, a classic instance, hold the fort, widen the breach, held the line, a lick and a promise, broken new ground.*

This discrepancy between precept and practice suggests that the cliché is like an amiable woman whose reputation is most abused by those men who secretly patronize her.

The preceptors often concede, in a kind of footnote, that the cliché cannot be proscribed completely. The Evanses treat the cliché abominably throughout their work, but even they, in their specific entry on the subject, end up by shading off a little from the ferocity of their initial attack—perhaps under the strain imposed by the necessity, in this of all entries, of trying to write two or three hundred words without the assistance of any clichés. But such concessions are grudging and mean-spirited. They do not do justice to the cliché, which is more sinned against than sinning, as I shall show, though my name become a byword and a hissing.

I have examined a random sample of famous works (in plain language, works within reach of my desk) and here is the result. In "Self-Reliance," which certainly represents Emerson at his literary best, I discover *the blowing rose; like a cat, falls on his feet; iron necessity; the wheel of Chance; men plume themselves; the murmur of the brook; stand in awe; rather the exception than the rule; the rustle of the corn.*

But perhaps the reader regards Emerson, even at his best, as on the stuffy side. If he does not like Emerson, he must like Mark Twain. Here are some clichés I plucked from a small portion of *Life on the Mississippi*: *far and wide, in the dead of winter, memorable events, by fits and starts, packed together like sardines, plays havoc, faith that might have moved mountains, flaying me alive, a red flag to the bull, as black as ink, virtue is its own reward, spread like wildfire, with the grip of a vise, as white as a sheet.*

Since the Evanses, Macdonald, Emerson and Twain are all Americans, the thought might occur to some that the cliché is a national weakness peculiar to a country with a short literary history. I have lightly combed the prefaces to three of George Bernard Shaw's plays—1) *Androcles and the Lion*, 2) *Saint Joan*, 3) *The Doctor's Dilemma*—and here are ten clichés from each of them: 1) *scuttling the ship, turn the world upside down, rare birds, trembling on the brink, the trump card, plain sailing, burnt his boats, sheep among wolves, a real live person, the starry heavens above*; 2) *the queerest fish, as mad as a hatter, iron hands in velvet gloves, a witch's cauldron, saw red, an irresistible force met an immovable obstacle, a step across the Rubicon, knock . . . into a cocked hat, by hook or crook, the sweat of his brow*; 3) *living in a fool's paradise, clutch at . . . a straw, put his finger on, making hay while the sun shines, the silent watches of the night, raving mad, rally to the defense, tarred with the same brush, no exception to the rule, more . . . than they bargain for.*

THE EVANSES write well. Macdonald writes beautifully. Emerson, Twain, and Shaw represent the best of their respective manners, one or another of which is bound to ravish any but a metaphysical taste. And yet each of these writers is partial to the cliché. I must insist therefore that the cliché is an integral and indispensable ingredient in good writing—at least where prose works are concerned—and that, furthermore, the reasons for its indispensability readily yield to a just inquiry.

The Evanses describe clichés as "those phrases . . . which overuse [has] rendered meaningless." Macdonald gravely concurs in this judgment, citing as examples such items as *sour grapes, cold shoulders, high and dry* and *good Samaritan*. This is common doctrine—I used to tell my students the same thing—but the truth about clichés is just the opposite. Somewhere in every reader's brain are places of lodgment, long since prepared for these expressions, into which they settle in perfect fit, and press just those neurons which result in swift and certain understanding.

The doctrine that clichés are meaningless equates familiar meaning with no meaning. Furthermore, it pathetically and fallaciously conceives of

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words as little draft animals who, after pulling a load of meaning for a term of years, will naturally stiffen up and die. If this were so, every common word in the language would now inhabit the spirit world and we would have to engage a medium to learn the meaning of *mother* and *father*. It is not overuse but disuse or misuse which renders the meaning of words uncertain. Whatever else might be said on this subject, it is a virtue of the cliché, as it is of legal terminology among lawyers, that its meaning, thanks exactly to long use, is established and relatively unmistakable.

It is common for a person who traduces clichés to praise in the next breath the charms of idiomatic and colloquial English. The ability to adhere to these two policies simultaneously, as if they were parallel and complementary, must involve a gift for non-Euclidean geometry, for here on earth every idiom and almost every colloquialism is indistinguishable from a cliché. I agree that some fine effects can be struck off in the colloquial manner, and I do not regret that it is the manner favored in our time, but to be told that one should be colloquial without using any clichés is equivalent to Pharaoh's command to make certain objects without you-know-what.

Extrapolating from my various samples, by means of a Leibnitzian formula barred from print by the typographers' union, I estimate that there are some thousands of clichés which are absolutely indispensable simply because no substitutes are possible without insufferable affectation. One example will suffice: *the town drunkard*. What would you think of a man who said *the village inebriate*? Other thousands recommend themselves because it is just a fact that, for whatever historical or psychological reasons, they still retain great power despite their constant use. Without even consulting my samples, I think of *dropped dead*, *cold blood*, *down and out*, *halcyon days*, *heart's desire*, and *stacked*. I have never actually used *halcyon days*, but I have always longed to, for it is a beautiful phrase. The fact is nobody uses it. The only reason it is familiar is that it is always included in any listing of clichés.

But I can hear the cliché-traducer, even as he clutches the ropes, still stubbornly groan: "Certainly there are *some* clichés which good writers will not touch." I doubt it. If the Evanses can dot i's and cross t's while Macdonald holds the fort, if Emerson can stand in awe as Twain plays havoc and Shaw crosses the Rubicon, then I think no cliché need fear that a handsome writer will never pop the question.

But my adversary will rise from the very canvas in order to mumble: "All I ever actually meant was that *too many* clichés will spoil a literary work." Poor fellow. He has not said anything that is peculiar to the cliché. Too many of anything will spoil a literary work: too many elegant words (Pater), too many blunt words (some of Mencken), too many dry words (much of Thoreau), too many moist words (all of Swinburne), too many abstract words (Tocqueville), too many concrete words (Erskine Caldwell), etc., etc.

Now that the cliché-defamer is being helped from the ring, I would be generous, despite the commotion among the fans, who always prefer a lunging Dempsey, even in defeat, to a scientific Tunney. I shall not ask him and his admirers to give up, by way of penance, their romances with those sweet five-dollar expressions whose youth and originality make their hearts ache. I just want them to admit like men that the two-dollar variety—tough, durable, and impudent—also has a place in their wicked and complicated world.

Status, or How to be More Equal

MICHAEL M. MOONEY

In *The Status Seekers* (McKay, $4.00), Vance Packard sets out to describe class behavior in America, and to prove that movement between classes is becoming more difficult, and class lines more rigid. Mr. Packard is a popularizer, and his *The Status Seekers* is an "as-told-to" version of the weakest thinking of our worst sociologists. Classes, we are told, are contrary to The American Dream, contrary to the ideals of the Founding Fathers, and anti-democratic. Yet, Americans are supposed to be cut up into some five levels: the Real Upper Class, the Semi-Upper Class, the Limited Success Class, the Working Class, and the Real Lower Class.

If you are a Jewish bootlegger who never got past the eighth grade, live in a dilapidated house in the poorest section of town, vote Democratic, have a bootblack for a friend, don't kiss your wife when you make love to her, and derive most of your income from stealing, then you are Lower Class. But if you are a kissing, Republican, Episcopalian doctor who doesn't work (you have inherited the money), with two homes and a long list of clubs, you're an Upper-Upper. Packard superficially describes the nuances of how to go from bootlegger to doctor; tells both Jews and Episcopalians they should understand each other more, and suggests to Negroes the way to get ahead: "Pretend you're not."

We all should be concerned, he says, with "upward mobility." Upward mobility appears to be the process of making everyone more equal. It is the "American Dream—the American Way of Life." The big barrier to upward mobility is the college diploma. If you are without one, you cannot enter the Upper Classes—"the Diploma Elite"—where you get "more." You will have to be satisfied to be bored with your work, psychologically upset and "not getting anywhere" in "the Supporting Classes."

Packard's problems are manifold. He begins by assuming a purely economic scale of values as objectives for both the individual and society; and his assumptions are inherited from his sociologist sources. Every factor he lists to derive his scale is an economic factor; money is essentially his measure of status success—money and how you get it; money and what you do with it. As a result, his materialist's eye leads to descriptions of society that may be accurate in detail, fascinating in scope, but unsupportable and contradictory.

Beginning with Marxian assumptions, he ends with Marxian contradictions. His case for total equality as a democratic ideal requires that everyone have upward mobility and

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that only "some" go down the social ladder. The idea that just as many might have to go down either never occurs to him or is inconvenient to his thesis that we should never judge people by their station in life, but only on their *real* worth. Just how one man is to judge another on his *real* worth without the omniscience of God, Packard leaves for us to solve as a problem in "better communications."

His thesis that achievement of a college diploma is more and more difficult for members of what *he* calls the proletariat is largely contradicted by his own statistics. He shows us that a college diploma is the prerequisite for entrance to the chrome-plated circle of upper-class status striving and goes on to describe not only the greater percentage of American youth going to college, but the democratization of Harvard, Yale and Princeton (strictly Upper-Upper colleges).

But, according to Mr. Packard, "if The American Dream is to have meaning to the majority of our young people, they must be encouraged to do their best." Our goal must be a genuine circulation of talent. The way to widen the gates of opportunity is more scholarships from big corporations, more federal aid to students, and more federal aid to education. Presumably with plenty of federal aid the proletariat will be able to send the kids to college without paying for them, and spend money instead on the more important symbols of status achievement. Saving has little status.

The Vance Packards would be infinitely happier if all men were completely equal. If no one were short or tall, rich or poor, fat or lean, Catholic or Jewish, quick or slow, a corporation president or a steel-yard stoker—if we were all exactly the same, we could stop striving for status and live in a continuing limbo. The notion that justice must exist among men who are always unequal is anathema to the sociologist. As a result the sociologist's tract is always a call for the State to level the exquisite variety of man.

In turn, the sociologist hopes to put things in a new "proper" order. But Americans have nothing to fear from sociologist Packard. His book is too dull, too repetitive, too confused and too superficial to pose any threat to our class order. *The Status Seekers* should sell well enough—who wouldn't be curious to find out where he fits? But if the reader finds a descriptive prototype of himself in Packard's neat nuances, he had better pray for release from limbo. Pray to *really* get somewhere—heaven or hell, the one or the other.

The Years of Max Eastman

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

IN *The Improper Bohemians: Greenwich Village in its Heyday* (Dutton, $5.00), Allen Churchill offers a slick summation of the careers of two veterans of the old Village "Mabel Dodge Evenings" of 1913. Of Walter Lippmann, he says: "In his late sixties . . . with renewed sharpness and liberalism, Lippmann has returned to the spirit of Mabel Dodge days." To which Mr. Churchill adds, with just a hint of smugness: "In contrast, Max Eastman's life parabola since the *Masses* has led him to the conservative *Reader's Digest* and to . . . the reactionary *National Review*."

The superficiality of Mr. Churchill's judgment is of a piece with his book, which glides, entertainingly enough, over the surface of a half-century of intellectual history. For, as Max Eastman's own *Great Companions: Critical Memoirs of Some Famous Friends* (Farrar, $4.75) proves, lives are seldom "parabolic" matters insofar as their spirits or essences are concerned. It is not men that change, it is institutions. The truth is that Walter Lippmann has never cared particularly for freedom except as a hypostatized concept. Max Eastman, on the other hand, has freedom and individualism in his bones. The two men have remained precisely where they were in 1913. What has happened in forty-five years of wars, revolutions and economic upheavals, is that the isms which Mr. Eastman once supported have shifted practical ground. Where socialism once held out a false promise of freedom, it has now become a tissue of arbitrary restraints even where it is practiced in its mildest forms.

***MAX EASTMAN:* ". . . [*his*] *personal honesty and integrity . . . as profound attributes of his character, have never changed.*"**

Max Eastman—the "sleepy Adonis" of Mr. Churchill's chapters—has no trouble in analyzing his own personal career. He was a Deweyan "instrumentalist" in 1918, and he remains so essentially to this day. He thought Lenin and Trotsky might be the "instruments" of a revolution that would enable "masses" to become individualists. But when Bolshevism and, later, "middle way" Socialism proved to be instruments of a repression that is unknown in capitalist societies, Eastman, a good pragmatist, abandoned the faith of his *Masses* days in the effective "instrumentality" of class warfare.

So much for Mr. Eastman's personal honesty and integrity, which, as profound attributes of his character, have never changed. There is another element in his makeup that remains unswerving, and that is the quality of gentleness. He has lived all his life in controversy without ever really liking it when it takes on personalized dimensions. The "critical memoirs" of "famous friends"—Old Man Scripps, Edna Millay, Ernest Hemingway, John Dewey, Bertrand Russell, Charles Chaplin and others who walk through the pages of his latest book—are shaped by his distaste for pronouncing judgments on old associates with whom he has come to disagree.

With his intellect fighting his heart all through *Great Companions*, Mr. Eastman has produced a book of

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strange resonances. Since, out of innate courtliness, he insists on letting his "companions" speak for themselves, the book has great value as reporting. It also has the warmth that comes from genuine kindliness. It has humor, and it is at all times sheerly readable. But he refuses to be as surgical when it comes to dealing with the misguided thought-processes of his old friends as he is when dealing with similar aberrations among his enemies. Bertrand Russell, for example, is divided out of kindliness into "two Bertrand Russells," one disciplined and conscientious," the other "glib and in a measure irresponsible." On the other hand, Corliss Lamont, no friend of Eastman, is an "unabashed defender" of a collectivist philosophy that has turned Russia into a "regimented collection of groveling animals." No "two" Corliss Lamonts here.

The selective nature of Mr. Eastman's judgments comes out again in his long and extremely interesting biographical memoir of John Dewey, his friend and mentor for a full half-century. From these pages John Dewey emerges as a delightful human being. Mr. Eastman, who loved the old man, cannot bear to turn "instrumentalism" against him. To a reader who never knew John Dewey, however, it must seem that Dewey's educational ideas have misfired just about as completely as the Marxian "science of revolution" misfired in Russia, and for precisely the same reason: the "instrument" was a defective one from the start. Mr. Eastman does not hesitate to call the Russian Revolution a pragmatic failure that was inherently doomed by the very nature of Marxism. He ascribes the failure of "progressive education," however, to Dewey's "wooden-minded yet flighty followers," not to the original fallacies of the man who pioneered the "child-centered" school in which educational "subjects" were not considered as important as learning to live "experimentally" and "democratically."

Judged purely as Boswellizing, Mr. Eastman's fifty pages on John Dewey are absolutely first-rate. Dewey's crises, whether intellectual or academic or purely personal, are plainly reported, and the personality of a man to whom "faith" meant "not worrying" becomes wholly palpable. Mr. Eastman achieves the same sort of Boswellian excellence in his pages on E.W. — "Old Man" — Scripps, Ernest Hemingway, Edna Millay, Trotsky, Charlie Chaplin and Mrs. Annis Ford Eastman, his mother. With Einstein, Santayana, Pablo Casals, Sigmund Freud and Bertrand Russell, the other "great companions" of the title, however, he is more concerned with surfaces than with underlying depths. And in several instances — the account of conversations with Einstein in particular—Mr. Eastman is intent on giving his own share in the dialogue equal representation with that of the "companion" who is being interrogated.

YET, Max Eastman's book has, at times, an intense charm that derives from its mingling of odd and casual facts with sudden bursts of grave and sometimes passionate eloquence. In the Edna Millay memoir, for example, he mixes light-hearted trivia about a love affair that never came off with a remarkable discussion of the poetry which Miss Millay wrote in a supposedly "uncharacteristic" period at the end of the nineteen twenties. After reading him on Edna Millay, Allen Churchill's book about the widely separated "Eastman" (or old *Masses*) and "Millay" (or "candle-burns-at-both-ends") periods in Greenwich Village life seems a mere skimming of the surface. Mr. Churchill's superficiality is indicated by a minor error —where Max Eastman visited Edna Millay and her husband Eugen Boissevain at "Steepletop" in the Berkshires, Mr. Churchill calls the Millay-Boissevain home "Silvertop." Mr. Churchill must have been thinking of Max Eastman's hair.

Random Notes

William F. Buckley Jr., editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, has completed the manuscript of a book on the manners and morals of Liberalism, entitled *Up from Liberalism.* It will be published early this fall by McDowell, Obolensky.

Man vs. *Machine.* Tom Duncan, author of the forthcoming 1,000-page novel, *Big River, Big Man,* rejected a Book-of-the-Month offer for his book—an offer worth approximately $100,000—because BOM demanded that he cut it by one third.

Among the books announced for next season: a new novel by Vladimir Nabokov, author of *Lolita,* called *Invitation to a Beheading* (Putnam) . . . *The Mind of an Assassin* (on the murder of Trotsky), by Isaac Don Levine (Farrar) . . . *Power without Property: A New Development in American Capitalism,* by Adolf A. Berle Jr. (Harcourt) . . . *Anatomy of Freedom,* by Judge Harold R. Medina (Holt) . . . *Walter Lippmann, His Life and Times,* edited by Marquis Childs and James Reston (Harcourt) . . . a new novel by Robert Penn Warren, *The Cave* (Random House), and one by James Michener, *Hawaii* (also Random House) . . . *From the Diaries of Henry Morgenthau Jr.* (Houghton) . . . *The Meaning and Matter of History,* by Martin C. D'Arcy, S.J. (Farrar) . . . a novel on the Faust theme and modern scientists, *The Tempter,* by Norbert Wiener, founder of cybernetics (Random House).

The current issue of *American Heritage,* the hard-cover magazine devoted to American history, contains two articles of interest by NATIONAL REVIEW contributors: Francis Russell on Boston boss James M. Curley, and John A. Lukacs on de Tocqueville.

A new problem for Norman Cousins. United Airlines is so enthusiastic about J. Edgar Hoover's *Masters of Deceit* (Holt) that a copy of the book is going to be supplied to passengers on each of their three hundred planes. F.S.M.

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Mr. Churchill's history of Greenwich Village is, despite its lack of intellectual pith, a skillful boiling down of the assorted memoirs of Mabel Dodge Luhan, Hutchins Hapgood, Susan Glaspell, Floyd Dell, Lincoln Steffens, Joseph Freeman, Mary Heaton Vorse and many others. Its greatest shortcoming is that the author *hasn't* included in his story the Village that does *not* appear in memoirs. Mr. Churchill might have done a more satisfactory job with his subject if he had talked with the scores of people who have written in the Village without ever writing about it. This would have saved him from overemphasizing such figures as Maxwell Bodenheim and leaving people like Willa Cather, Genevieve Taggard, V. F. Calverton and other important Villagers out of account.

Germany: Reprieve, Redemption

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

To THE HISTORIAN and the philosopher surely nothing about the historical process is more baffling and inexplicable than the role of fortune, Providence, or sheer luck. Luck defeats cunning and rewards the stupid. Luck makes the irrational rational. Those who think they understand and grasp the process of history suddenly discover they have embraced an illusion. Historians may make the past meaningful; they rarely, if ever, make it totally understandable.

Nowhere has historical good fortune played a more important role than in the history of Germany since 1945. Guilty of crimes that invited the vengeance of God and man, defeated and crushed, her economy halted, her capital liquidated and her spiritual and moral resources dissipated, Germany has risen in the course of fourteen years to become the most powerful and dynamic state in western Europe. The historian can elucidate the process by which this happened; he cannot fully understand it.

The Death and Life of Germany, An Account of the American Occupation (Knopf, $5.75), by Eugene Davidson, is the chronicle of Germany's good fortune. There have already been many monographs and special studies dealing with various aspects of the occupation and the revival of German power. There will doubtless be many more. None is likely to possess the scope, the synthetic power and the sustained pace of this book. From the great masses of statistical material, special studies and reports the author has chosen the significant fact and the representative incident to create an account marked by honesty and good judgment. Perhaps too often he lets the facts speak for themselves and waives the challenge of interpretation; but this may be due to the feeling that large areas of this history do not lend themselves to exact explanation.

In discussing the formulation of United States occupation policy for the defeated Germany, Mr. Davis exposes the poverty of statesmanship which characterized the late Roosevelt. It seemed then to the informed observer that Germany was destined for complete destruction and that Soviet hegemony would extend from the Sea of Japan to the English Channel. The vulpine cunning of Soviet imperialists sought to accomplish it. The inability of a sick chief executive to recognize the necessity for acting in terms of the national interest encouraged it. The addled and scrambled advice of Liberal doctrinaires and Soviet agents who placed ideology ahead of patriotism nearly achieved it; and yet this did not happen. Germany somehow escaped the total destruction these men planned for her. No history can make the process by which this happened entirely clear.

Surely the Marxist historian, committed as he is to the total comprehensibility of any historical event, must be baffled by the turn of events in Germany. Perhaps this as much as any other factor explains the lack of reality which haunts Soviet thinking about the problem of Germany. But Communists are not alone in feeling that history should have, if it had only "followed the rules," taken a different turning. There are a dozen lesser Liberal myths concerning German economics, German politics and German history which stand in the way of historical objectivity and necessary understanding. Mr. Davidson's book will be especially useful in clearing up all these.

But Mr. Davidson makes clear that if the element of luck deserves recognition it would be wrong to explain the "German wonder" completely in terms of the miraculous. The story of Germany in the past decade and a half has been a story of redemption. Mr. Davidson leaves no doubt that the Germans have broken with the shameful past. If today Germany is a respected and valued partner in the Free-World alliance she is so, not by luck alone, but because her heroic actions have restored her moral and material stature.

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expiate a guilt which was personal rather than national. Germans were among the first to teach the Free World the necessity of defying the totalitarian slave hunters from the East. The Germans stood fast at Berlin during the blockade and turned the technical trick of the airlift into a moral achievement. In the East Zone, Germans gave their lives fighting their Soviet oppressors in the June 1953 uprising. The Soviet masters have been singularly unsuccessful at buying the intellectuals, corrupting the youth, flattering the workers and infiltrating the churches. By hard work at low wages, and despite the beguilements of socialism, West Germans have built the most prosperous and dynamic economy in Europe. Finally, Germans through understanding, friendship and concessions have made a partner of France, the ancient enemy. If the Free World lives in hope today it is because a new Germany has made hope possible.

Russian policy is commonly thought to be a supple and "flexible" instrument, full of surprises and marked by great originality of conception. This is true only for those policy-makers who do not read history. Soviet German policy is precisely what it was ten years ago. Even the moves and the Russian language of diplomacy in the Berlin crisis are what they were at the time of the airlift. Mr. Davidson's book is extremely helpful at the present time because much of the success of Soviet policy is dependent upon the historical ignorance of the Free World.

Movies

Marilyn as Marilyn

JOHN LEONARD

THERE IS a story that when the camera-work was over for *Some Like It Hot,* Director Billy Wilder peered with a weary wisdom into his generous heart, and discovered a marked reluctance ever to make another movie with Marilyn Monroe. She was, opined Mr. Wilder to the omnivorous press, always temperamental, always late on location—and sometimes didn't bother to show up at all.

He cried all the way to the bank. It was an apparently wiser Mr. Wilder, during première week in New York, who leaned on a Times Square lamppost, chewed his checkbook and remarked on a crowd that stretched from the box office to the Metropole and back again: "My aunt *always* showed up on time. Nobody'd shell out a counterfeit kopek to see my aunt do anything"—or words to that effect.

Marilyn Monroe is back, and is great. We are advised by such patrons of the arts as Edward R. Murrow and Earl Wilson that the Cadillac of Sex wants to be taken seriously—as a serious actress. I, for one, am against it. Miss Monroe gave bathos a new dirty ring in her portrayal of a despair-steeped young maiden in *Niagara,* and single-handedly hacked away almost all of Laurence Olivier's hard-won reputation in *The Prince and the Showgirl.* But she remains the greatest comedienne on the movie screen today. And to win that title all she has to do is play herself: the parted lips, the sedate sway, the wide-eyed professional naiveté, and all that.

All that is there in *Some Like It Hot.* Couple Monroe at her dumb-blonde best with Jack Lemmon (without a doubt one of Hollywood's finest talents) and Tony Curtis (who has proved in a recent series of first-rate performances to be something more than a male Elizabeth Taylor)—and your evening should be made. It is. *Some Like It Hot* treads the thin line between the bawdy, the boorish and the vulgar with all the appropriate transgressions.

The story is a sparse skeleton well-rattled. It begins with a couple of down and out musicians (Lemmon and Curtis) orchestra-less in the Chicago of the Traumatic Twenties, inadvertently witnessing what looks like the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. George Raft, in white spats, presides. The only available way out of town for the witnesses is with an all-girls' band booked for Florida. So they don wigs and the rest of the trappings and climb aboard.

From there on in, only a few holds

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are barred. As the action clatters toward a climax, Lemmon wins the heart of an overbaked, yacht-ridden local lecher with a mad passion for midnight mamboing (Joe E. Brown); Curtis, masquerading as Cary Grant in an RAF scarf, wins Marilyn with the proper protestations of wealth and weariness; and George Raft arrives to destroy the evidence.

All of this is well-mixed. Marilyn sings, with that determined tunelessness which passes for sincerity. Lemmon totters tenaciously through hotel lobbies in high heels. And Curtis resists the advances of the bellboy.

There are those who would flay the thick-skinned Hollywood carcass for its social irresponsibility. (This movie has nothing to say—about God, Geneva, suburbia, or despair.) There are those, too, who would look through their Freudian kaleidoscopes with great askance at United Artists for tackling "so ticklish a subject" in this self-conscious age of limp wrists and whither-withered male virility. (This movie says sin can be fun.) But not me. I sat through it twice, and without any buttered popcorn.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

CONVERSATIONS WITH TOSCANINI, by B. H. Haggin (Doubleday, $4.00). In matters of taste, and the arts in general, nothing is quite so rare, so anomalous, these days as genuine enthusiasm. The average appreciator is mild, eclectic, impartial, and almost no one exposes the passionate prejudices and shameless pedantries which mark a true lover. Therefore the record of absolute seriousness and insatiable attention which Mr. Haggin here brings to the work of Toscanini is—altogether apart from the subject—itself a delightful and tonic encounter. It is, in fact, the log book of a man whose gift for listening is every bit as dedicated, intensive, fanatic and pure-in-heart as his idol's was for conducting. May their tribe increase. R. PHELPS

A GOOD TIME TO BE ALIVE, by Edgar Ansel Mowrer (Duell, $3.50). In Edgar Ansel Mowrer's interpretation, the Soviet challenge may provoke a toughening response from a United States that might otherwise have declined into an inconsequent gadgeteria. He examines our present dilemma with a thoughtful and discerning eye in this book. He is worth listening to, whether on the idiocies of our foreign policy, our educational system, the ignorance of Franklin Roosevelt's counselors, or overpopulation. These things have been examined many times, and yet in a sense never enough. Mr. Mowrer's fair, succinct appraisal of our country is apt indeed. What will future historians say of a great nation, victor in the most tremendous of wars, sole but temporary possessor of an ultimate weapon, which would not use even the threat of that weapon against the most implacable of enemies? If Mr. Mowrer is right—as we must hope he is—things may still work out in the manner of Toynbee's "challenge and response." If he is wrong, we shall have deserved what we got. F. RUSSELL

FOUR STORIES, by Sigrid Undset (Knopf, $3.75). In these posthumous translations the 1928 Nobel Prize winner discredits any notion that virtuous living necessarily carries a lifetime guarantee of happiness. One's virtue can, in fact, get you double-your-trouble back, as childless Helene finds when she befriends her foster son's depraved mother at the cost of both a son and a husband. But Helene and several others agree with Simonsen: "There must be One Above who decided these things." A reader ends by agreeing life is not such a bad bargain after all, if you happen to be a saint; fortunately Mme. Undset makes it hard to distinguish between saints and ordinary men, which gives the characters their tragic touch. J. L. WEIL

In Coming Issues

Senator Joe McCarthy, by Richard Rovere, reviewed by L. Brent Bozell

Henry Hazlitt's *The Failure of the "New Economics,"* reviewed by James Buchanan

Sidney Hook (ed.), *Psychoanalysis, Scientific Method, and Philosophy*, reviewed by Eliseo Vivas

The War Memoirs of Charles de Gaulle: Unity, 1942-1944, reviewed by Thomas Molnar

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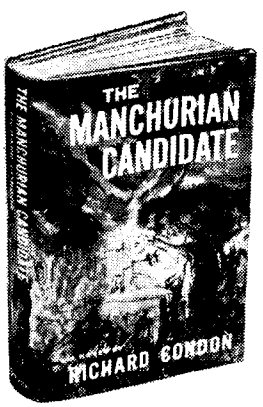

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To the Editor

Western Ultimatum Needed

May 27 has passed, and Berlin is still intact. Were the Kremlin bosses just bluffing and blowing off steam? Possibly. But their original warning was very blunt, not clothed in diplomatic terms. That edict set off nearly six months of nervous activities in most of the West.

What is wrong with the West replying in just as blunt terms, prepared to go through with what they may say? For instance. . . :"When you endeavor to take over or drive the West out of Berlin, we will supply arms and ammunition for the Soviet satellite countries to free themselves."

An answer similar to this would have silenced the Kremlin bosses, made unnecessary the expense of the foreign ministers' conference, and stopped talk of a Summit conference.

When will Washington leaders learn to reply to Soviet ultimatums with similar ultimatums?

Central City, Iowa O. L. ALLISON

The Steel Strike

It would be hard to find a more striking example of the ubiquity of collectivist thinking (and bad economics) than the appearance in NATIONAL REVIEW [April 25] of the recommendation that the steel strike be avoided by a sharing of "productivity" gains as measured by "a qualified committee."

Suppose "productivity" (whatever this ambiguous term be taken to mean) increases more in one industry than another. Is it consistent with a free society that otherwise identical workers receive different wages? How are the lower-paid workers denied the better jobs to be kept from competing for them? If "productivity" plus profits that are "large enough" (as judged by whom?) are to determine prices, what happens when at the resultant prices consumers want to buy more than producers want to sell? Or conversely? Who is to "ration" the short supply? Or allocate the limited demand among the producers?

If *NR's* proposal is good for steel, why not for textiles, furniture, wheat, and so on *ad infinitum*? If the right wages and prices can be so easily determined, by the findings of "a qualified committee" plus a "prearranged formula" for sharing, why should we continue to tolerate a free market, with its uncertainty and unpredictability? And certainly, the matter is much too important to be left to a "committee" chosen by only two of the interests—labor and management. The public should clearly be represented via governmental selection of the committee or at least certification that it is "qualified."

No doubt with the best of intentions, *NR* proposes a long step toward collectivism and the abolition of the free market.

Chicago, Ill. MILTON FRIEDMAN

The Cyrus Eaton Story

John Chamberlain deserves a great deal of credit for his portrayal of Old Man Eaton [June 6]. I think it is especially important to understand Eaton's contribution to American industry—his shrewd business sense. Eaton is just the outstanding example of the whole abominable love affair between so many of our myopic "capitalists" and the Communist killers. It is difficult to understand why men who have been successful under our system of government would court and sanction a political philosophy which would turn them into nothing more than salt tablet dispensers somewhere in Siberia. Not even Mr. Eaton could make another fortune under such conditions.

Chicago, Ill. MARK WILLIAMS

"Cyrus Eaton: An Old Man Goes East" was one of your finest articles in a long time. Mr. Chamberlain provided a valuable insight into the workings of a mind which seeks distinction in all fields, and will ultimately be honored in none. Eaton obviously wants to be more than a successful businessman—he wants to be a peacemaker, an intellectual, a noted public figure, and a scientist as well! And this abortive dilettantism has led him to where he is today. Strange, isn't it, that a man who would garner for himself the coveted crown, "intellectual," turns inevitably in this

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age to Russia, to cocktail parties and apologias for Mikoyan?

New York City AL TRIPTON

I had known of Cyrus Eaton's success as a businessman, and of his fellow-traveling politics. I did not know about the vanity and the personal spite. Mr. Chamberlain suggests that perhaps Eaton originally played host to the Russians to annoy "an old business enemy, John Foster Dulles." Such an explanation—if true—is astonishing.

Los Angeles, Cal. MRS. HILDA BENNETT

I congratulate Mr. Chamberlain on his remarkable restraint in treating so odious a subject.

New York City ARTHUR CALGARY

Dare I suggest a title for the autobiography of Cyrus Eaton? "I Was a Capitalist for the MVD."

Chicago, Ill. GEORGE W. PRICE

Communism in Cuba

John Leonard's report on the plight of Ernesto de la Fé in Cuba [June 6] points up just one example of an extensive campaign by Latin American Communists to purge their enemies. In a Cuban prison, also, is Victor Alegria, the labor leader who fought Communist infiltration of the unions.

Mr. Leonard mentioned the serious Communist domination of the ministry of education in Cuba. It is indeed serious. At the present time a committee, headed by a member of the Cuban Communist Party, has undertaken the revision of school texts, with this end in mind: to wipe out all indications of any U.S.-Cuban amity. This double-think has led the committee even to claiming that Cuba would have won the war with Spain, had the United States not "interfered."

Miami Beach, Fla. CHARLES GOODWIN

"Man into Magazine"

Robert Phelps' review of Thurber's *The Years with Ross* was concise, well-written and interesting—superior indeed to confused, almost tormented reviews which have appeared in other journals. I also enjoyed Mr. Phelps' previous review of Saul Bellow's *Henderson the Rain King.* Again, it was by far the most perceptive and well-written review of the book which appeared.

New York City JAMES TOMASIC

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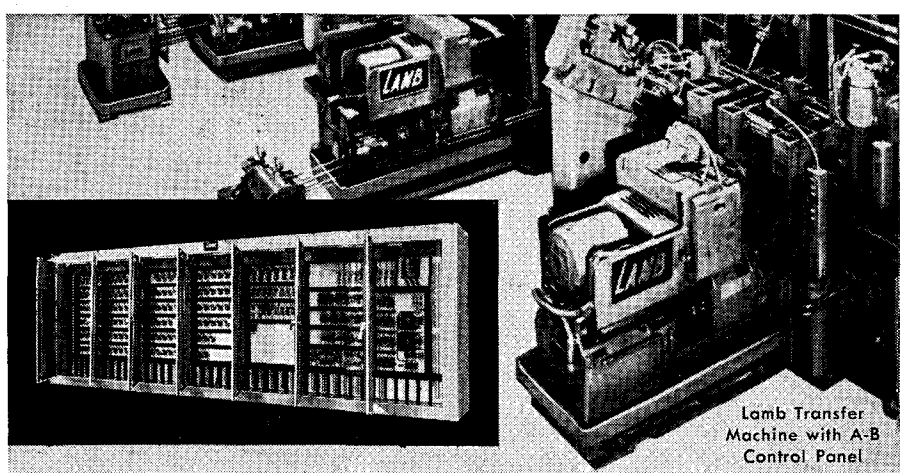

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A Circulation Manager Speaks Up
(A Plea and an Apology)

You may have noticed that my name has been added to the masthead of NATIONAL REVIEW. This fact, I am sure, strikes a great many subscribers as a violation of good sense and conduct as flagrant as would be the admission of Red China into the UN.

As circulation manager, I have been accused of being a spy, a saboteur, a Liberal "plant," and even an avid reader of the *New York Times*. In addition, I have been accused of firing Bang-Jensen, I have been called anti-Semitic (I merely stated that a subscription going to Tel-Aviv would cost an additional $2.00); I have been admonished for not being able to supply this fortnightly publication weekly; I have been ostracized for not having been able to forward reprints of an article described to me as "one that pertained to a crisis in government which was written by either Buckley, Rusher, Meyer or Chambers and which appeared in one of your prior issues"; I have been taken to task for not knowing whether a subscriber's assemblyman [no name, party or location indicated] was a subscriber to NATIONAL REVIEW.

Every time a new magazine issue is released I get the feeling that at least some of the address wrappers are used to ignite the flames that will burn me in effigy.

I sincerely apologize for all the above cases.

However, permit me a feeble defense. I, along with 75 per cent of my staff, have been working with NATIONAL REVIEW for a period of only six months. During this time our efforts have been sincere, however inadequate. I am happy to say that I feel wholly confident that the staff is now capable of performing the following functions: changing addresses, handling duplication and triplication of subscriptions, and the occasional cancellations. Our handwriting expert has lent an air of confidence to our staff.

The time has come, however, to take the next step forward; a good workout in the fundamentals of processing subscriptions, before the fall rush. My eager little staff cannot be properly trained unless they can be exposed to real live blanks [subscription blanks, of course]. So *please* send now all types of subscriptions: Bulletin subs, Magazine subs, one-year subs, two-year subs, five-year subs, gift subs, renewal subs and trial subs. We will attempt to process all of them satisfactorily. Your assistance is urgently requested!

New York City — WILLIAM M. HAYES

Reds Reap Revolt

With the farmers' revolt against the Reds in East Berlin, it looks like the Kremlin is Krumblin.

Los Angeles, Cal. — ELIZABETH HAMM

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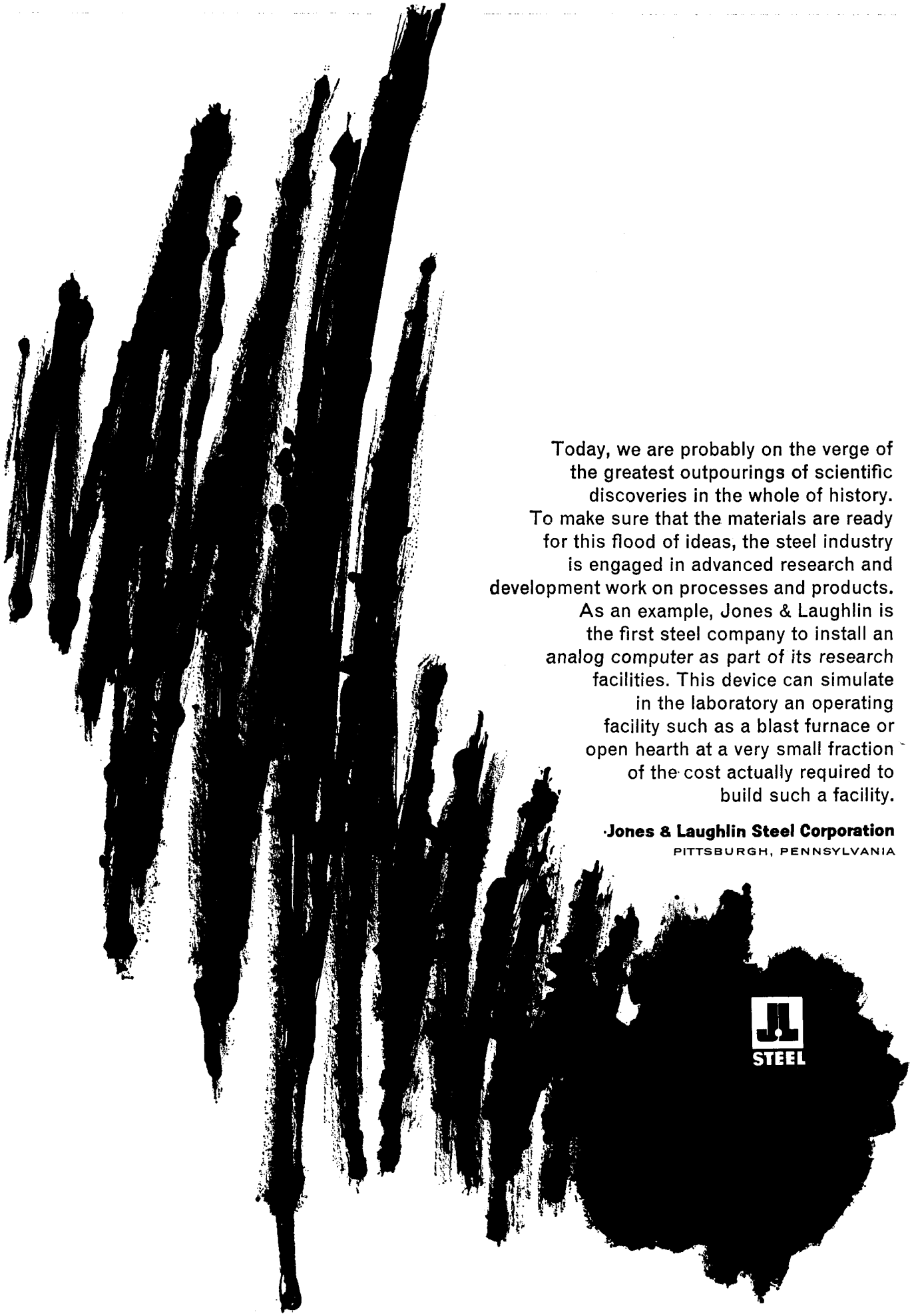

Today, we are probably on the verge of the greatest outpourings of scientific discoveries in the whole of history. To make sure that the materials are ready for this flood of ideas, the steel industry is engaged in advanced research and development work on processes and products. As an example, Jones & Laughlin is the first steel company to install an analog computer as part of its research facilities. This device can simulate in the laboratory an operating facility such as a blast furnace or open hearth at a very small fraction of the cost actually required to build such a facility.

Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation
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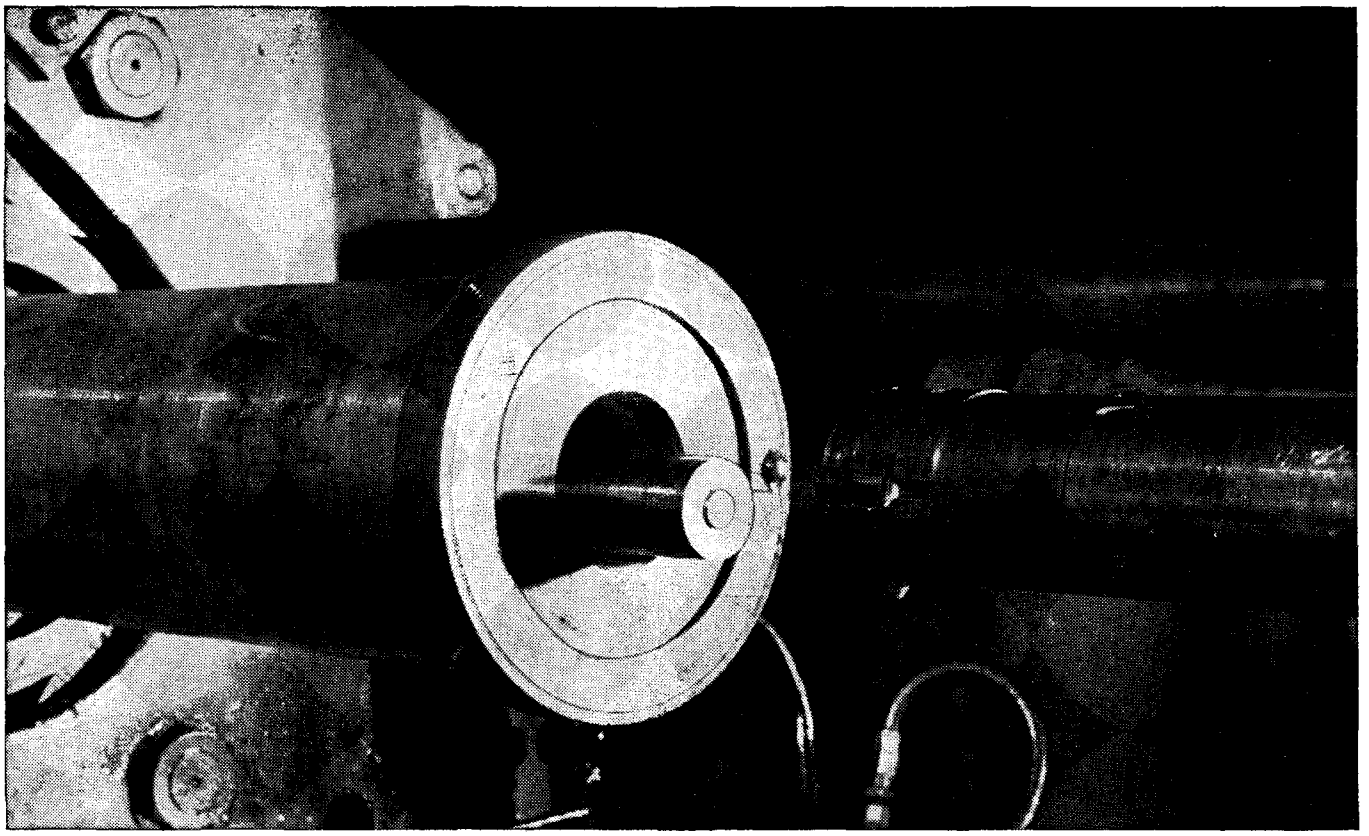

Boring just completed, this "drill collar" will soon be in operation as part of a "drill string" reaching several miles down into the earth in search of oil.

What does Kennametal* have to do with the price of oil?

Last year, oil companies spent an estimated $2 billion drilling exploratory holes. Only once in every twelve tries did they get a producer. Every year, the wells get deeper . . . today's are often several miles down . . . and drilling costs get higher and higher. Finding ways to offset these mounting production costs before they reach consumers is a never-ending struggle. Kennametal has provided some answers.

Shown above, a 30-foot core has just been bored from a forged blank to form an oil well "drill collar." Boring one of these collars used to take 18 to 24 hours machining time, on a trepanning lathe worth a half-million dollars. Since time had to be charged at $50 an hour, faster machining could mean big dollar savings. However, in view of the tremendous down-time costs, machine speed up would not dare be attempted with any less than the best tooling available. In this case, the "best" proved to be a couple of Kennametal carbide tool inserts and support pads that together cost less than ten dollars.

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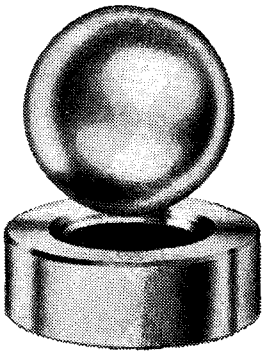

"Balls and Seats" like this act as valves on pumps operating at the bottom of oil wells. Here, Kennametal fights corrosion and erosion by crude oil. For years, Kennametal balls and seats have been outlasting similar parts made from steel as much as 20 to 1. Since it is necessary to pull the pump from the bottom of the well to replace these parts, the small additional cost of Kennametal Balls and Seats is again a time and money saving investment that pays big dividends.

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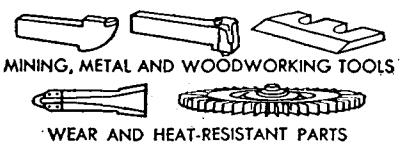

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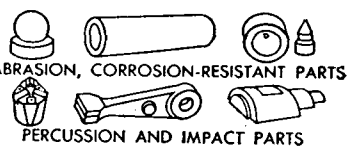

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